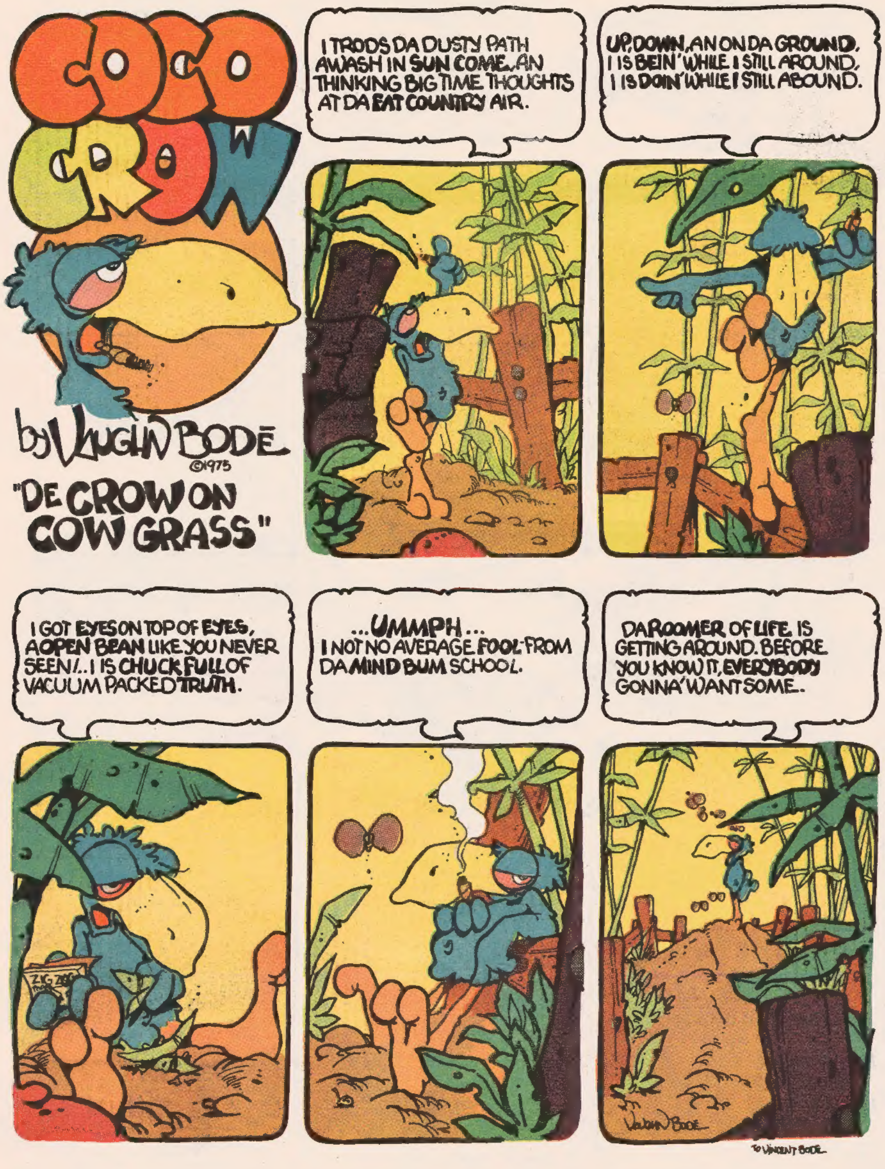
IN THIS ISSUE: "PROFESSOR" IRWIN COREY, R. CRUMB, & PAUL KRASSNER

The Funny Papers

LOTS OF COMICS, GAMES, PUZZLES, FEATURES AND OTHER NICE STUFF

VOL. 1 NO. 2 | March 1975 | ICD08827 | SIXTY CENTS



Jazz Notes

by Darius Brubeck

Save Our Natural Resources!

Melody Maker used to be the British equivalent of Downbeat, that is before it became a publication largely devoted to the self-promotion of the Anglo Pop-Rock Industrial Complex, or as Paul Desmond puts it,"a kid's magazine."In spite of this longstanding change in emphasis and format we still find in its remaining jazz pages some of the most discerning criticism in print, and MM's annual Jazz Poll is still one of the more prestigious examples of that someone frivolous genre.

This year I was particularly gratified to see Perry Robinson's name second only to the venerable Benny Goodman in the clarinet category. Second means a lot if you will bear in mind that Mr. Goodman has been first every year in living memory. Perhaps it is difficult to think of the clarinet as a Jazz instrument without thinking of the King of Swing, but apparently more and more fans are beginning to associate this ax with "The King of Outness."Ironically Perry is far better known in Europe than stateside, a state of affairs partially attributable to the proliferation of forward looking record labels in Europe (see discography).

continued on page 21



The Funny Papers

Vol. 1, No. 2, March 1975

Sherman H. Saiger
Albert Morse, *Publishers*
Lydia A. Saiger, *Editor-in-Chief*
Ron Barrett, *Art Director*
Bruce Pollock, *Associate Editor*
Gene Sercander, *Associate Art Director*
Christopher Browne, Ed Naha, *Contributing Editors*
Advertising Director: (212) 628-6179



What's Inside

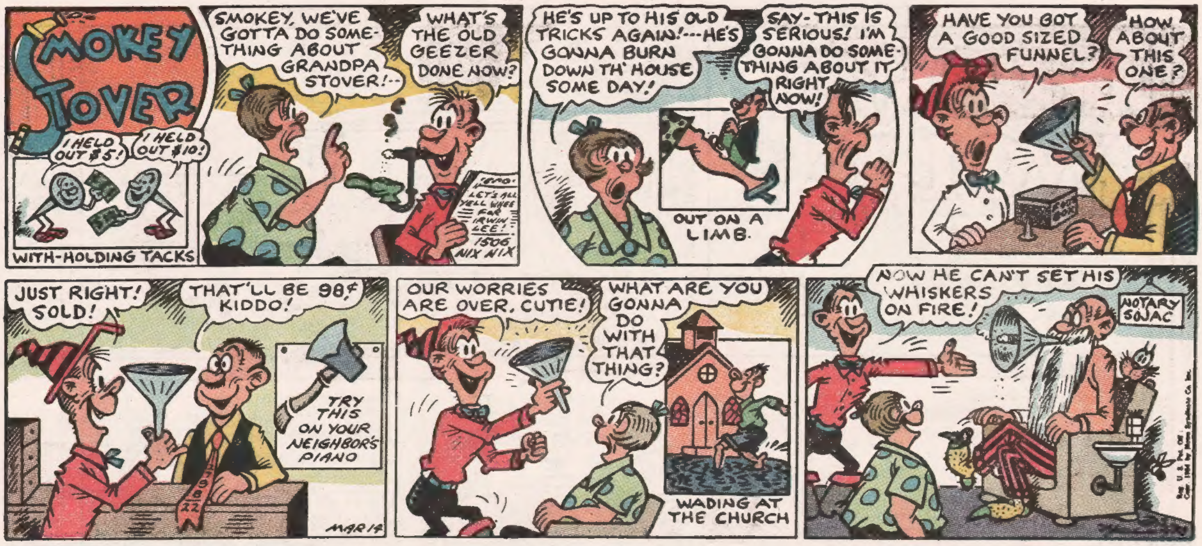
Features

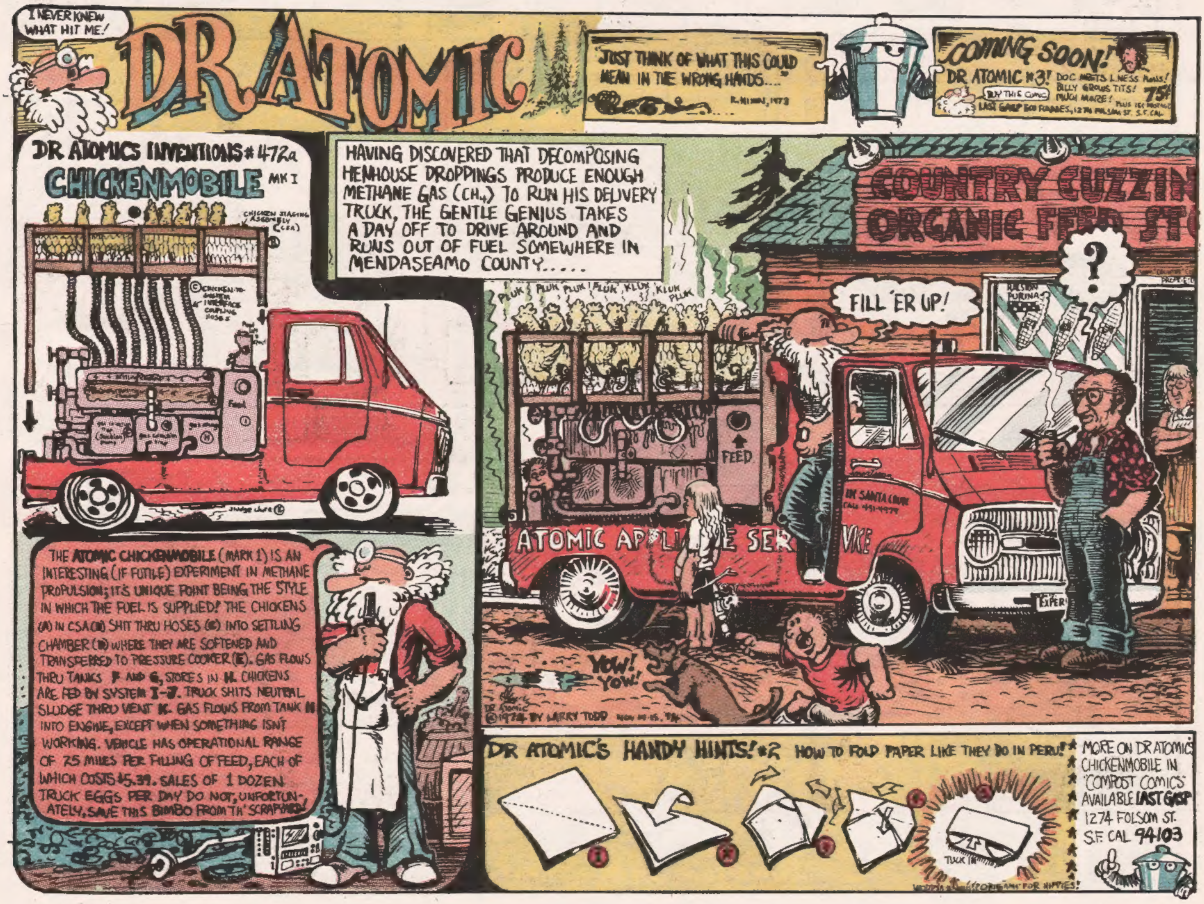
Puzzles and Contests

Funnies

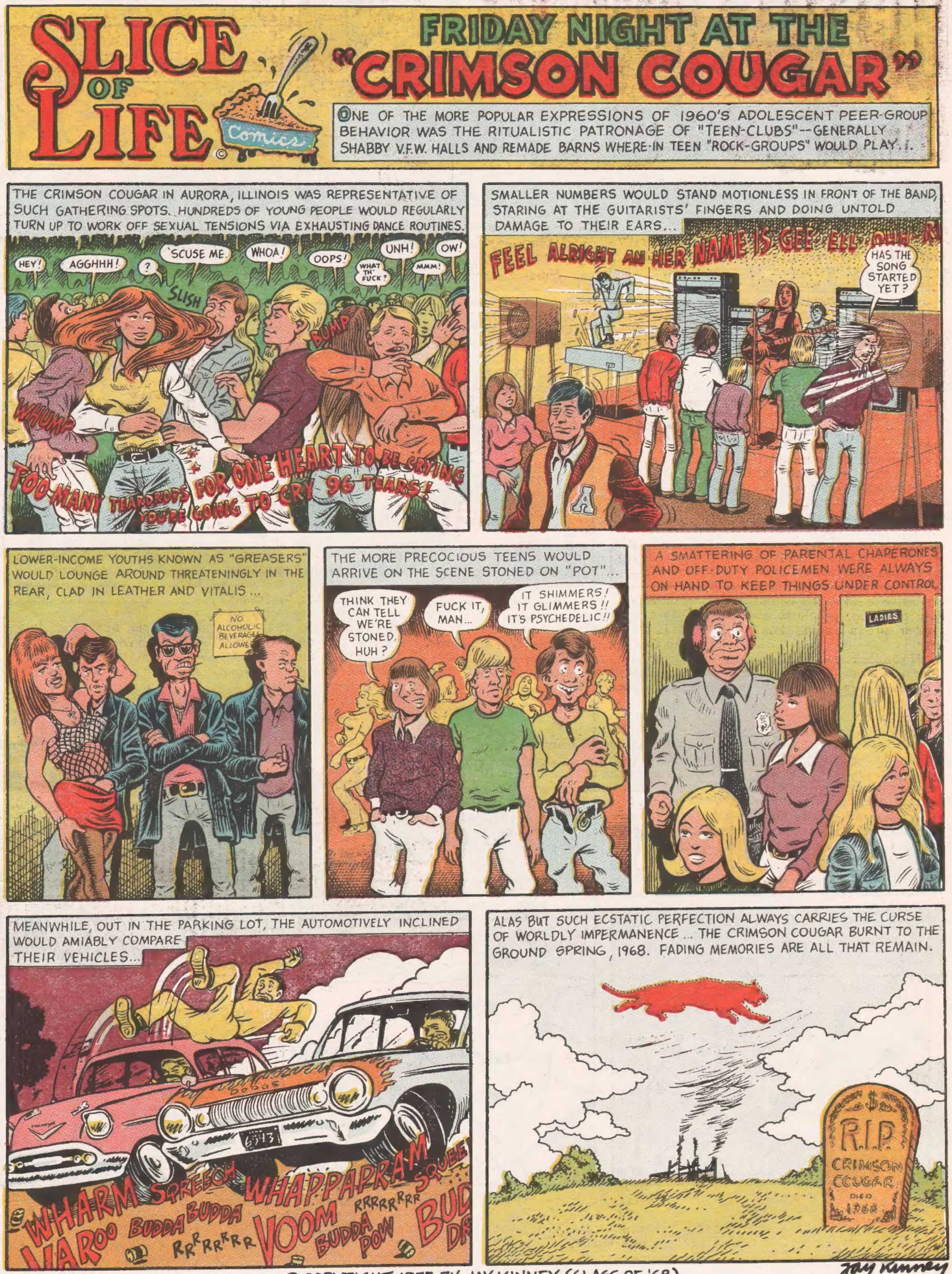
THE FUNNY PAPERS is published monthly by Funny Papers, Inc., P.O. Box 767, Port Washington, New York 11050.


EZEKIEL WOLF
"SHERIFF ALABAMA CAN'T WIN"
OLD GOAT'S GAS 'N' GROCERY
REPAIRS • DOMESTIC ONLY
ASH GAS
HOW DO YEW LIKE MY NEW P'TROL CAR BOY'S?
IT'S A SPECIAL CIVIC INTERCEPT JOB... REAL FAST.. 'SAVES ON GAS..
I DON'T SEE HOW SHERIFF..
'YOU GOT AN AWFUL BIG BUTT TO HAUL AROUND.
A'RIGHT! YOU AST' FOR IT BOY!!
JUST WAIT 'TIL I...UNH GRUNT
HUNH! UNH! HOONT!
I'M GONNA' UHH!
OOF!
CUT YE' A FEW HOLES IN TH' BOTTOM SHERIFF, AN' YOU CAN SAVE ON TIRES..
IF IT'S FEREIGN MADE I AINT TOUCHIN' IT!
©1975 By Ted Richards


SMOKEY STOVER
I HELD OUT $5!
I HELD OUT $10!
WITH-HOLDING TACKS
SMOKEY, WE'VE GOTTA DO SOME-THING ABOUT GRANDPA STOVER!--
WHAT'S THE OLD GEEZER DONE NOW?
HE'S UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN!---HE'S GONNA BURN DOWN TH' HOUSE SOME DAY!
SAY-THIS IS SERIOUS! I'M GONNA DO SOME-THING ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW!
OUT ON A LIMB.
HAVE YOU GOT A GOOD SIZED FUNNEL?
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?
JUST RIGHT! SOLD!
THAT'LL BE 98¢ KIDDO!
TRY THIS ON YOUR NEIGHBOR'S PIANO
MAR 14
OUR WORRIES ARE OVER, CUTIE!
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH THAT THING?
WADING AT THE CHURCH
NOW HE CAN'T SET HIS WHISKERS ON FIRE!
NOTARY SOJAC


I NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT ME!
DR ATOMIC
"JUST THINK OF WHAT THIS COULD MEAN IN THE WRONG HANDS...."
R. NIXON, 1973
COMING SOON!
DR ATOMIC #3! DOC MEETS L. NESS AGAIN! BILLY GROWS TITS! MUCH MORE!
BUY THIS COMIC
75¢ PLUS 15¢ POSTAGE
LAST GASP ECO FUNNIES, 1274 FOLSOM ST. S.F. CAL
DR ATOMIC'S INVENTIONS #472a
CHICKENMOBILE MK I
HAVING DISCOVERED THAT DECOMPOSING HENHOUSE DROPPINGS PRODUCE ENOUGH METHANE GAS (CH₄) TO RUN HIS DELIVERY TRUCK, THE GENTLE GENIUS TAKES A DAY OFF TO DRIVE AROUND AND RUNS OUT OF FUEL SOMEWHERE IN MENDASEAMO COUNTY.....
COUNTRY CUZZIN
ORGANIC FEED ST
FILL 'ER UP!
?
PLUK PLUK PLUK PLUK KLUK KLUK PLUK
FEED
ATOMIC AP LI E SER VICE
THE ATOMIC CHICKENMOBILE (MARK 1) IS AN INTERESTING (IF FUTILE) EXPERIMENT IN METHANE PROPULSION; IT'S UNIQUE POINT BEING THE STYLE IN WHICH THE FUEL IS SUPPLIED! THE CHICKENS (A) IN CSA (B) SHIT THRU HOSES (C) INTO SETTLING CHAMBER (D) WHERE THEY ARE SOFTENED AND TRANSFERRED TO PRESSURE COOKER (E). GAS FLOWS THRU TANKS F AND G, STORES IN H. CHICKENS ARE FED BY SYSTEM I-J. TRUCK SHITS NEUTRAL SLUDGE THRU VENT K. GAS FLOWS FROM TANK H INTO ENGINE, EXCEPT WHEN SOMETHING ISN'T WORKING. VEHICLE HAS OPERATIONAL RANGE OF 75 MILES PER FILLING OF FEED, EACH OF WHICH COSTS $5.39. SALES OF 1 DOZEN TRUCK EGGS PER DAY DO NOT, UNFORTUN-ATELY, SAVE THIS BIMBO FROM TH' SCRAPYARD!
YOW! YOW!
DR ATOMIC © 1974 BY LARRY TODD
DR ATOMIC'S HANDY HINTS! #2 HOW TO FOLD PAPER LIKE THEY DO IN PERU!
TUCK IN
MORE ON DR ATOMIC'S CHICKENMOBILE IN 'COMPOST COMICS' AVAILABLE LAST GASP 1274 FOLSOM ST. S.F. CAL 94103


baby Grand
AN ARMY WITHOUT CULTURE IS A DULL-WITTED ARMY, AND A DULL-WITTED ARMY CANNOT DEFEAT THE ENEMY — CHAIRMAN MAO
By Trina
DOWNSTAIRS AT THE GRAND MANSION--
I QUITE AGREE WITH YOU, MRS. DE VERE, BUT SURELY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MEANS WELL?
SUDDENLY___
YI!!
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME?
SIR! MADAME! IT'S THE LITTLE MISS! SHE'S GONE—KIDNAPPED!
A RUNDOWN SHACK, NOT FAR FROM THE GRAND MANSION___
TH' CHLOROFORM WORKED LIKE A DREAM!
PUT 'ER ON THE BED—
HEY, BEN, WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR BACK POCKET?
JUST THE KID'S DOLL— THOUGHT MAYBE SHE'D WANT IT—
LOOKIT HER ASLEEP, MOLLY! BONNIE JEAN WOULD BE ABOUT THE SAME AGE!
I TOLD YOU TO NEVER MENTION BONNIE JEAN!
OW-W MOLLY!!
BACK AT THE GRAND MANSION__
THEY LEFT A RANSOM NOTE—
"IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR LITTLE GIRL ALIVE AGAIN, PAY $10,000!"
IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR LITTLE GIRL ALIVE AGAIN PAY $10,000
CONTINUED!--


SLICE OF LIFE Comics ©
FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE "CRIMSON COUGAR"
ONE OF THE MORE POPULAR EXPRESSIONS OF 1960'S ADOLESCENT PEER-GROUP BEHAVIOR WAS THE RITUALISTIC PATRONAGE OF "TEEN-CLUBS"--GENERALLY SHABBY V.F.W. HALLS AND REMADE BARNS WHERE-IN TEEN "ROCK-GROUPS" WOULD PLAY . . .
THE CRIMSON COUGAR IN AURORA, ILLINOIS WAS REPRESENTATIVE OF SUCH GATHERING SPOTS. HUNDREDS OF YOUNG PEOPLE WOULD REGULARLY TURN UP TO WORK OFF SEXUAL TENSIONS VIA EXHAUSTING DANCE ROUTINES.
HEY!
AGGHHH!
?
'SCUSE ME.
WHOA!
OOPS!
WHAT TH' FUCK?
UNH!
MMM!
OW!
SLISH
BUMP
WHUMP
TOO MANY TEARDROPS FOR ONE HEART TO BE CRYING
YOU'RE GOING TO CRY 96 TEARS!
SMALLER NUMBERS WOULD STAND MOTIONLESS IN FRONT OF THE BAND, STARING AT THE GUITARISTS' FINGERS AND DOING UNTOLD DAMAGE TO THEIR EARS...
FEEL ALRIGHT AN HER NAME IS GEE ELL OHH
HAS THE SONG STARTED YET?
LOWER-INCOME YOUTHS KNOWN AS "GREASERS" WOULD LOUNGE AROUND THREATENINGLY IN THE REAR, CLAD IN LEATHER AND VITALIS...
NO ALCOHOLIC
THE MORE PRECOCIOUS TEENS WOULD ARRIVE ON THE SCENE STONED ON "POT"...
THINK THEY CAN TELL WE'RE STONED, HUH?
FUCK IT, MAN...
IT SHIMMERS! IT GLIMMERS!! IT'S PSYCHEDELIC!!
A SMATTERING OF PARENTAL CHAPERONES AND OFF-DUTY POLICEMEN WERE ALWAYS ON HAND TO KEEP THINGS UNDER CONTROL.
LADIES
MEANWHILE, OUT IN THE PARKING LOT, THE AUTOMOTIVELY INCLINED WOULD AMIABLY COMPARE THEIR VEHICLES...
WHARM
SPREECH
WHAPPAPRAM
VAROO
BUDDA BUDDA
RRRRRRR
VOOM
RRRRRRRR
BUDDA POW
ALAS BUT SUCH ECSTATIC PERFECTION ALWAYS CARRIES THE CURSE OF WORLDLY IMPERMANENCE ... THE CRIMSON COUGAR BURNT TO THE GROUND SPRING, 1968. FADING MEMORIES ARE ALL THAT REMAIN.
R.I.P.
CRIMSON COUGAR
DIED 1968

Jay Kinney



Dear Prof. Chaser,
I lent a friend of mine my car and the next day found out that the police had seized my friend on a marijuana rap, but more importantly, they had confiscated my car. I had nothing to do with my friend's "problem" nor did I know what he had in mind for my car. Can they do this to me?

Unfortunately for you, if the police have complied with all required procedures such as a warrant (if necessary), they can seize your car even if you are completely innocent and had no knowledge of any criminal use.

Federal and many state laws provide for seizure and confiscation of conveyances used in violation of the narcotics laws. Under Supreme Court ruling a car or boat or other form of transportation may be seized and confiscated without a hearing even though the actual owner of the vehicle, boat, etc. is absolutely innocent and had no knowledge whatsoever of wrongdoing. The reason the Courts always give to allow this is that they wish to induce people to exercise greater care in lending their property.

If you think you have problems, there was a case recently involving the transporting of cocaine by a passenger on a major airline without knowledge of the airline—the judge threatened to seize the plane (a 707). In another recent case upheld by the Supreme Court, a yacht was seized and confiscated by the police two months after marijuana was found on it even though the party who rented it to the person who was arrested had absolutely no knowledge or reason to believe the boat was being used in violation of the law.

By the way, about your new bicycle . . .

The "Man" getting you down? Send legal queries to "Hassles," c/o The Funny Papers, P.O. Box 767, Port Washington, New York 11050.



Dear Dr. Postem,
I read that new scientific discoveries show that syphylis bacteria can live in air, and that it is therefore possible to get venereal disease from dirty toilet seats. What's the real truth? *Holding-it-in*

Dear Holding-it-in,
There have indeed been reports of a new, but unconfirmed observation that, contrary to what is written in all texts, the bacterium *Treponema Pallidum* (the one that causes syphilis) is not an anerobic organism (one that cannot survive in an oxygen rich environment).



However, it is a long way from the laboratory bench to the toilet seat. The argument that this report proves that you can get V.D. by sitting on a dirty seat is full of scientific holes.

It is probably true that the hole-in-the-floor toilet (with footstools to support the squatting participants) that is still in use in many parts of Europe and the East is more sanitary. But, it is unlikely that Americans would stoop to using such a device.

I do recall a young patient with syphilis who could scarcely conceal his contempt for physicians. He had contracted the infection while having intercourse *in* a public restroom, neglecting to take any precautions because he had been assured that it was impossible to catch V.D. on the toilet.

With this exception, I believe that public toilets are safe.

Headache? Backache? Pain in the neck? Pain in the ass? Send questions concerning your body's welfare to "Headaches," c/o The Funny Papers, P.O. Box 767, Port Washington, New York 11050.



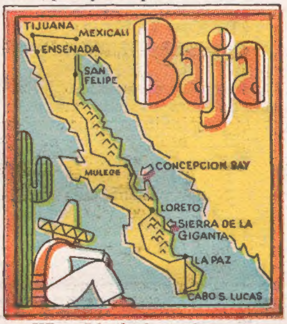
Baja (1)
By Larry Goldman

Baja is not the type of place you can go to unprepared, mentally or physically. Everywhere you look fabulous places like Concepcion Bay, Scammons Lagoon, Isla Cedros, and Cabo San Lucas and things like watching whales migrate and spawn, smelling desert flowerings, and feeling mud volcanoes under foot make Baja seem surreal.

The only way to deal with the problem of rough, mountainous, unpaved roads was to fly to the south and make our way north. Aero Cargo Linia de Mexico S.A. provided the flying bus, replete with chickens and corrugated boxes between the brokendown seats. Four hours, five hundred miles, and six stops later we arrived in La Paz and a modern marble international airport.

Without ever having the proper four wheel vehicle to work with our Rent-a-cars started to drop like flies, the first on the cape just south of La Paz. Luckily a bus was passing by, right behind a pack of wild horses, which seemed initially to be the only way back to town. Also luckily, they made it past tiny hamlets, white sandy beaches and coves, a candy factory (that still makes their taffy and panocha naturally as they did for one hundred and twenty five years) and some beautiful luxury resorts before collapsing.

Rigged with a new car we started north, leaving the arid cape and entering an agricultural belt, a Mexican flavored midwest. Always on the east lay the Sierra de la Giganta Mountains which hid Palm canyons with Indian painted caves, and oases just like in the movies. We rode into one canyon for about twelve miles, with high rock walls towering along a narrow winding road until we came to a deserted ranch house with outhouses, a well shaft, pulley and pail.



When I looked out the open car door straight down fifty feet and there were only three wheels still on the road, we wisely backed down and headed out of the canyon. At Villa Constitucion we stopped for an early typical Mexican country dinner in a restaurant with dirt floors, tin table and chairs, and army surplus canvas walls. We wanted to get to see the mission in Loreto, the "Mother of Missions," with its blue-panelled dome tower which was built by the Jesuits as their first permanent settlement in 1752.

Since we were not ready for any of Loretos luxury hotels at \$60 to \$100 a night we opted for the local *downtown* places. After four hours of fighting the cockroaches we drove on to Concepcion Bay to sleep in the car.



ONLY TWO CAN PLAY

Snare A Square

Instructions

1. First player draws a vertical or horizontal line between two dots of his choosing.
2. Players follow in turn, until one completes a square, at which point he puts his initial in it.
3. If both players have the same initial, the one who rolls the highest number on the dice gets to use his own initial, the other player must draw an initial at random from the alphabet.
4. The player who snares a square takes another turn.
5. Play continues until all dots are turned into squares.
6. Count up the total of squares for each player.
7. Multiply by five.
8. The result is your final score.
9. The highest score wins.
10. (Optional) A good idea might be to create interesting side bets on each game.



By Dana Crumb
Depression Cooking— Or How To Have An Abundance Of Shortages

Well, every day a new shortage is announced and us folks are expected to rejoice in patriotic abstinence. It *is* healthy to be more creative with less, but who wants to be forced? Don't believe anything the government tells you. They are suppressive swine, which brings me to my recipe . . . *Suppressive Swine S.O.S.* (Shit on Shingles).

Naturally, when making Shit on Shingles you start with the Shit. For Vegetarian Shit, chop and sauté your favorite vegetables in two tablespoons of oil. Except for onions and squash, figure on one of each vegetable per person. For Meat shit, take some lean chopped meat, (cheap hamburger is a rip-off because you are paying for about 65% fat—so one pound of lean ground meat will feed six people in this recipe, and one pound of cheap crap will feed two people), brown the onions in some oil, then add the meat and brown it. Dispose of all the excess fat and you're ready to move on.

Now for the sauce—For you non-fanatic foodies, one can of cream of anything soup and half a can of real or powdered milk should do. Just mix well and pour over the vegetables or meat. However, if you're more concerned about what goes in the bucket, mix two cups of milk with one half cup flour. To serve, just add garlic, pepper and some herbs and ladle into the Shingles. For more protein, plop a cooked egg on top and scarf it up!

As far as Shingles go. . . . I like toasted sourdough for S.O.S., but biscuits are great, too. There's always Bisquick, or you can use this recipe for "Baking Powder Biscuits":

For about 14 1½-inchers use 2 cups flour, 4 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ cup shortening and ¾ cup milk or tomato juice.

Mix and cut the shortening into it until it becomes crumbly like lumpy cornmeal. Add the milk or juice and stir until it gets it together, man, like. . . .

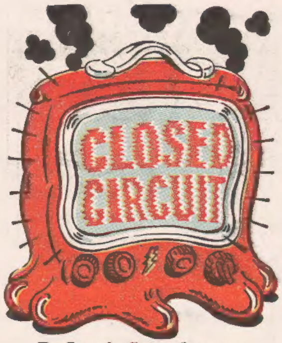
After this, plop dough on a nonpourous floured board of some sort and fold and bread it until smooth. Somehow abuse the stuff to about ¾" thickness, cut your biscuits, place on a slightly greasy baking sheet and put the little babies in a 450° oven for 12-15 minutes. Remember, biscuits don't have to be round—bums, tits and pricks are nice, too!

Fruit salad goes well with this

Eat It, Continued

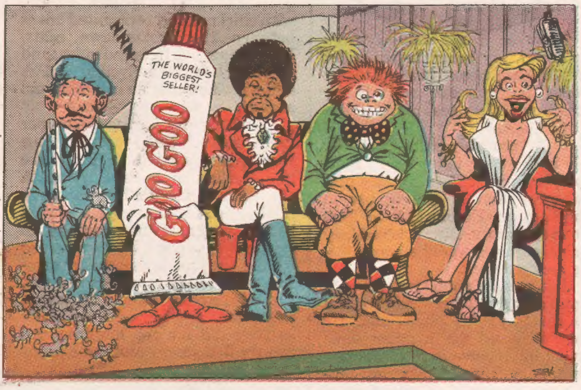
meal and, incidentally, the cost per person is about 60-80¢. It's cheap, tasty and nutritious, and I promise you a nice dump later.

Methane for the revolution!!



By Lewis Grossberger
Tuning Out The Talkies

Can anybody tell me why I am watching the *Tonight* show? Joey Bishop is the *guest host* and, so help me, he has a man on who is playing "When the Saints Go Marching In" on a kitchen sink. Then he has a woman from the audience imitating a chicken. Next, four students sing the UCLA fight song without recourse to melody. They are given a free pass to a restaurant. I am given a headache.



Still, I continue to watch. Talk shows exert a mysterious force over me. I think it is the bland reassurance they offer that things are okay. The Depression cannot have struck yet. After all, the guests are still talking calmly; the NBC couch has not been repossessed. Maybe things will get better.

Now Karen Valentine is sitting and talking about how strict her father used to be in supervising her dates. He wouldn't let her boy friends come around in tennis shoes, she says. I find myself wishing the man with the kitchen sink was back.

Why is Paul Williams sitting to Karen Valentine's right? My God, I must have blacked out for his entire segment. I have lost his audio portion. Talk-show guests have only 7.3 minutes to utilize their vocal chords and then they must move down the couch.

Moving down the couch means you are in limbo. It means you must sit mute to the right of Karen Valentine and listen to her talk of tennis shoes until the producer taps you gently on the shoulder to tell you the show is over. You may doze but your eyes must stay open.

Norm Crosby comes out joking and Paul Williams must move over yet again. My eyelids grow heavy. Paul Williams is moving further and further off-camera with Karen Valentine following obligingly. It must be so lonely out there in post-segment couch oblivion. I move to the other side of my couch to see what it feels like. It feels lonely.

If you are a superstar, say Julie Andrews or Billy Graham, you do not have to move down the couch. Instead, the host announces you must leave for some imminent engagement such as a charity bingo game or your wife's funeral. This not only frees you from the tyranny of couch-sliding, it gets you a second round of applause. This is making it in America, folks.

Oops. Something happened. Tom Snyder's styled hairdo is on the screen. Somehow, I have missed Dear Abby, scheduled as the final guest, and I have missed my favorite part of the Tonight show, which is when the producer, Fred de Cordova, comes right up on the set as the credits roll over it and shakes hands with the guests on the couch and tells them the show is over and they can go home and forget about Karen Valentine and have a drink and get some rest. This is always a joyful moment for Fred and the guests and I always enjoy it immensely.

So the Tonight show is over. It will be back again tonight, though, as always, and maybe (just maybe) Johnny Carson will return and again play *Stump the Band* with four Hadassah members who want to sing "Dreidel, Dreidel, Dreidel."

One day Johnny Carson will fall over with a banality overdose and they'll carry him out and everybody will move over one on the couch, this time to the left. John Davidson will pick up the question sheet and calmly interview Shelley Winters. Nothing will change. Life will simply continue to slide down the couch.



The Waltz

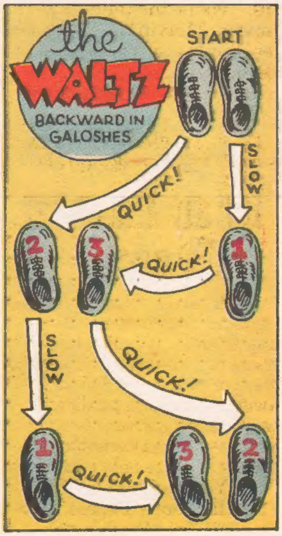
This traditional step is a ballroom favorite dating back to the 17th Century from the German *Walzen*, meaning "to revolve." The dance became so popular that in the early 1800's people were calling Vienna "Waltz mad." In fact, the tunes of Johann Strauss were the last word in popular dance music for the rest of the century.

To groove to *The Blue Danube* start off in the closed position (as in the fox trot) moving smoothly forward or backward. To begin, move forward by putting your left foot forward, curve the right foot to the right, then close the left foot to the right.

The waltz is in ¾ time, with the first count being stressed (BOOM-bah-bah, BOOM-bah-bah, etc. . . .). Bend the knee slightly on the first beat and rise slightly on the balls of your feet for counts three and four. If you do it right, you'll feel like you're gliding. (And that's why the Stones put the song *Sway* on their Sticky Fingers Album!)

If there's room, progression should be in the line of direction. What with today's crowded ballrooms, however, partners will most likely want to turn as the dance progresses, with the men usually moving in a counter-clockwise direction.

Now that you're feeling Astaire-ish, enjoy yousrelf, and trip the night away. . . .





By Norm N. Nite

1. This young man from Philadelphia began his musical career as a trumpet player and later developed into one of the early teen idols by recording his first hit record by pinching his nose. Who is this singer?

2. Chuck Berry, the guitar playing rock giant of the fifties, launced his recording career in 1955, with a song he named after a cow. What was the name of the song?

3. The group the Mar-Keys had a big hit in 1961, with the instrumental "Last Night". Three members from that group added a fourth member and formed up another group in 1962 that went on to even greater degrees of popularity. Name this newly formed group.

4. Macon, Georgia has produced many popular singers. Two of the most popular were Little Richard and a man who is billed as Mr. Dynamite, or Soul Brother Number 1. Who is this other singer?

5. This man originally began his career as the original lead voice of The Impressions in 1957. In 1960, he began an even bigger career as a solo artist. What is his name?

6. This pop singing group of the mid-fifties named themselves after a popular automobile and recorded their biggest hit about the nickname their lead singer was called. Who was the group and what was the song?

7. Who was the first person to originally record The Twist? This man was an R & B singer of the mid-fifties, who actually wrote the Twist.

8. Johnny Cash has had a long and successful career over the years. It all began on Sun records back in 1956, with what major hit?

9. This group, which was first known as the Robins in 1955, went on to be one of the most popular rock groups of the fifties with their many hits of that period. What was the name of this West Coast group?

10. Name the three different female singers Marvin Gaye recorded with on Tamla and Motown records?

Answers on page 20.





By Walter B. Gibson And Litzka R. Gibson

The Meaning Of Thumbs

The thumb is the index to character and a great variety of human traits. Place the hands, palms down, upon a table and extend the thumbs to their limit. The space between the thumb and the first finger is called the *thumb angle*. This angle indicates the degree of self expression, individuality, adaptability. Turn the hands over keeping the thumbs outstretched.

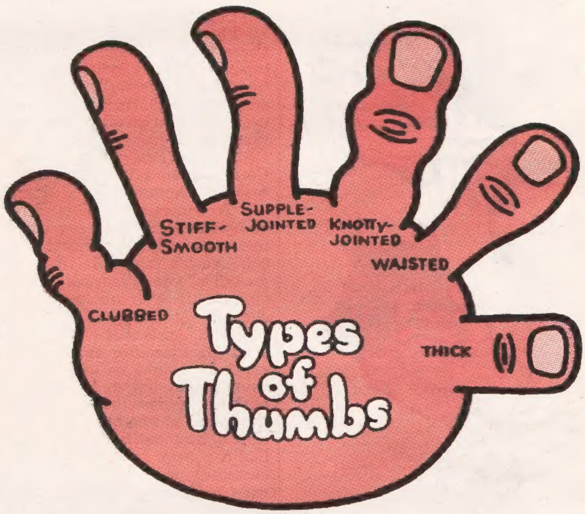
Look at the place where the thumb is joined to the hand. If it is set (joined) close to the wrist forming a right angle with the first finger, it is set low denoting generosity, an independent thinker, a sympathetic nature and usually practical.

When this *low set thumb* bends back in a curved appearance, there is a latent talent for dancing, musical ability or some form of attraction for public appearances. This bent back thumb can also indicate carelessness or non-conformity.

A thumb that is *medium set* (not so close to the wrist) is very adaptable, able to to avoid extremes.

A thumb set higher than these two is called a *high-set* and usually a little difficult to move. This is an indication of stubbornness and a cautious nature.

The length of the thumb has great bearing on the interpretation. The average *normal* thumb reaches to the middle of the third phalange of the first finger. To measure this, press the thumb against the side of the hand with fingers outstretched.



If the thumb does not reach this point, it is called *short* and shows a need to be resolute, more determined to get good results and be more logical and reasonable.

A *long thumb* reaches just beyond the mark, indicating intellectual strength; a person who can be master of self and situations.

A *very long thumb* means a dogmatic, domineering trait will be the dominating factor.

Types of thumbs are as follows: Pointed-idealistic; Conical-inspirational; Square-practical. Spatulate-energetic. Clubbed-lack of will power; Stiff-stubborn; Supple-good understanding; Knotty-analytical; Waisted-sympathetic; Thick-unyielding; Flat first phalange-nervous.

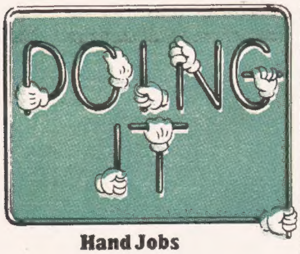
Thumbnails: Wide-outspoken; Narrow-secretive; Short-critical; Tilted-talented; Fluted, ridged-nervous.

Get Yer Ha Ha's Out!

Readers are invited to submit cartoons for publication on any subject. Winning cartoons will be published in this feature. A prize of $15 will be awarded for each published cartoon. All entries become our property. Send cartoons (black & white only) to: "Get Yer Ha Ha's Out", c/o The Funny Papers, P.O. Box 767, Port Washington, New York 11050.

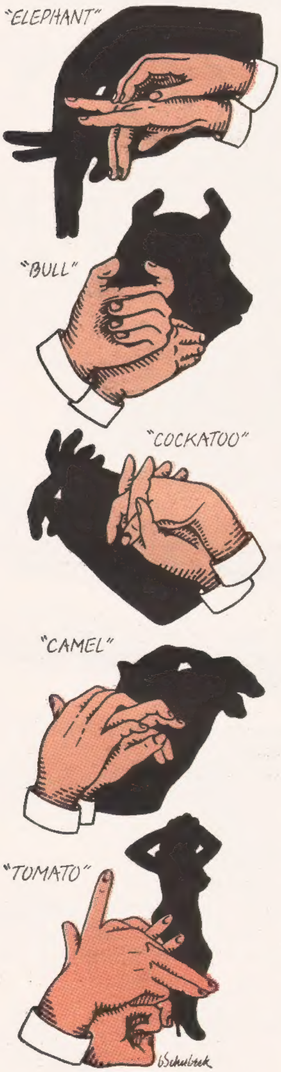


Sent in anonymously by Gary Jacobs of Brooklyn, N.Y.



Hand Jobs

Well, gang, Mom always said to keep your hands to yourself, but now there's more reason than ever to listen to the old hag and do just that. Stop diddling in your pockets and perk up. With our new easy-to-grasp Hand Shadow Instructions, you, too, can throw your favorite animals up against the wall. There's no muss and no fuss—'cause everybody knows that shadows don't even splatter!



I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE- I CAN HEAR YOU BREATHING!

"Professor" Irwin Corey **By Laurence Klavan**

"I predict!"the Professor shouts. "I predict—that Ronald Reagen will die of syphillis . . . from his own hand!"

Professor Irwin Corey has been teaching for more than thirty years, and nobody has ever thought to give him tenure. His classrooms are nightclubs, and talk shows, and his students are either very confused, or very devoted. He will speak on any subject, and does, with the utmost authority. He is tiny, and constantly disheveled; his hair uncombed, his coat too big, his tie crooked. He walks, sometimes runs, with a stoop. But underneath his appearance, and his barrage of comic incoherence, he always makes sense.

The real Irwin Corey—and there is a real Irwin Corey—is sometimes barely indistinguishable from the *Professor* character he created in 1943. He is just as small, even smaller if possible, and sometimes, he is just as unintelligible. Unlike the *Professor*, however, Corey is more often clear, and occasionally abrasive.

"A character like this is not conceived,"he said."Very few characters are — Chaplin himself didn't conceive his tramp. It is an outgrowth of your philosophical outlook on life. You are aware of the character in retrospect.

"The fact is that the Professor is giving a lecture on something which he thinks he knows everything about, but in truth, knows nothing. I expose the pompous ass; the politician who talks out of both sides of his mouth. The Professor is like a person giving a lecture on cleanliness who keeps picking his nose, and pulling the stuff out of his ears."

While Corey has had a good amount of success—he once played New York's Blue Angel for 55 weeks straight, and is a frequent guest on the Mike Douglas Show—he seems bitter about most other comedians, especially those who are "pro-establishment.

"I differentiate between a comic and a comedian,"he said."A comic is a person like Bob Hope, Danny Thomas, Danny Kaye, Alan King—I'm putting these people down by calling them comics. It's easy to conform if you have no morality. And these comics don't, they went along with the morality of the time, and the establishment."

"These people insult; I ridicule. There's a difference. When you insult, it's on a very shallow level. When you ridicule, you attack a pre-meditated action, or someone who's gone along with a policy. Ridicule is not calling Richard Nixon a perfect asshole because he has no hemorrhoids."

Show business in general seems to upset Corey; when it is mentioned, he waves his hands, as if to dismiss it.

"When people say the job of a performer is to make people laugh, that's a lot of crap. It's not what I do that's important, it's what I say. Delivery is nothing more than a technique one perfects as one develops. It's like saying about a doctor—'It's great the way that guy sews up!' Well, it's great how he sews up, but what the fuck is he doing for the wound?"

When asked if the *Professor* himself will comment on topics such as President Ford, and today's politics, he said, half-heartedly,

"The Professor knows about Ford. The fact that he leaves him out of discussions means that he acknowledges Ford is a fool."Then he begged off, with a smile, and said,"The Professor is only articulate when he is lecturing."

Corey prefers talking about other people, like Lenny Bruce ("a very close friend of mine. The interest in him today is very misguided—they disregard the best of his act") and randomly picked topics, like slavery, and conventional mores ("when a woman on a game show says 'I'm married, I'm a housewife, I have three children'—do you know anything about her? Do you know if she has a lover? Do you know if she is a spy?") rather than his personal life.

"In the theatrical field, the mystery of a person's private life intrigues people,"he said."They want to find out—if their purpose in life is that naive and childish. Well, a human body is an intriguing thing, but open it up, and yecch! It's gooey in there, it's disgusting."

Corey does admit to being born in Brooklyn, being placed in an orphanage when he was a year old, riding the rails to California, winning a featherweight boxing title, and being offered a season at the Pasadena Playhouse. He claims to have had a grade school education, and to have"never voted, or belonged to any political party." Since 1951, he has lived on Long Island with his wife Frances, in a house filled with books, and works of art.

In addition, he recently wound up a profitable and well-received run on Broadway as Marlo Thomas' father in"Thieves,"by Herb Gardner ("A Thousand Clowns").

"I'm in a position in life where this job is a little more interesting than most jobs,"he said."Ditch diggers are constantly digging up dirt—this is just another job. Maybe more pleasurable than some."

While Corey may sound bitter, he seems to know that it is just this bitterness that must feed his act to make it consistently funny. He also seems to know that he is small, and if he moves fast, no one can catch him.

"Anybody who's successful is successful because they conformed,"he said."Lenny Bruce was killed by the establishment. They would get him today, if not by his words, then on a different charge. It wasn't his scatalogical remarks, or his improper language, it was what he said. He laid it on the line. But they don't know what the hell I'm saying."





By Ron Barlow

Mr. A and the Avenging World
By Steve Ditko . . . .

Somewhere between the commercial high adventure of our everyday newsstand comics and the rompings of the sub-culture comics labeled "undergrounds" exists the haunting realism of the new Steve Ditko. The mere mention of Ditko usually evokes mental images of his early escapades into fantasy with the Atlas Group, his mystical renderings of *Doctor Strange*, or his refreshing rendition of "Spiderman." Unfortunately, this is the *only* Ditko many remember. Since his retirement from the commercial comic field a few years ago, however, he has gotten down to the job of delivering an underground diet of *pure* Ditko. This is a job he had wanted to do for years, but it never came to life because the big-wig publishers said it "wasn't commercial."

So, in the classic tradition, Ditko took off on his own and gave us *Mr. A*. When I first saw *Mr. A* I was stunned. "So this is what Ditko is all about," I said . . . "Incredible!" *Mr. A* was the first comic creation I ever read that bothered me. It bothered me because it *really* had a message, not the inane message material that usually dribbles from the commercial comics, and not the "food for thought" served by the undergrounds. *Mr. A* honestly had something to say. *Mr. A* was the absolute epitome of truth, justice, and rationality. *Mr. A* never hid from the truth, never compromised a situation or looked for loopholes to settle a problem. He offered a perfect harmony of thought and action . . . always right, never wrong. And somehow that concept bothered me. *Mr. A* seemed to be the model for a humanity that could never exist, but was desperately needed.

The words necessary to completely explain the social, political, and emotional dynamics of *Mr. A* could easily fill this whole paper, and even then I would not be able to capture the thoughts you might add after reading *Mr. A*. *Mr. A* is a book that examines ground common to all of us yet unique to each individual's experience. It's something you must digest yourself and evaluate privately. There's a good chance you may hate *Mr. A*, not because the drawing isn't good, because it is, and not because the plot isn't interesting, because it is, but simply because *Mr. A* is *not* for escapists. If your comics need lots of fantasy, adventure, and humor, then forget *Mr. A*. Try Archie. If, on the other hand, you find *Mr. A* as stimulating as I did, then you'll also enjoy Ditko's latest effort, *The Avenging World*, another masterful exercise in realism.

The big-wig publishers may be right about Ditko's philosophy not being commercial, but if you care to prove them wrong you can order copies of *Mr. A* for 65¢ each, including postage, or *Avenging World* for 75¢ each, including postage, from: Bruce Hershenson, Box 21364, San Jose, California, 95151.

A montage from "Mr. A."



DISCOGRAPHY

Latin Music
By Dick "Ricardo" Sugar

Prior to the 1940's, Latin Music in the United States was relegated to those few who had traveled *South Of The Border* and returned with both minds and feet pulsating to the sounds of Rhumba, Tango and Samba. Since travel was a luxury indulged in by few, the Latin Music influence remained within their special domain. The only added influence was the motion picture screen where, from time to time, came a movie with a Latin theme and its accompanying music and dance.

By the late 1940's three things occurred that changed the course of Latin Music in the United States. Airline travel became the order of the day; vacations in Cuba became *the thing*, and an influx of much of the population of Puerto Rico to the United States suddenly took place. The net result was a tremendous simultaneous exposure to Latin Music by interested Americans.

The most meaningful Latin influence was the original sound emanating from Cuba. That root remains today as the basic hard core of Latin. This was followed by the Puerto Rican influence in slightly moderated sounds, and then the intermingling of both cultures into what we know as the Mambo, Cha Cha and Merengue of the dance enthusiast.

Additional changes have come about during the past 25 years as visits to Cuba ceased and Latins became part of the *American scene*. Those born and raised in this country, along with many American musicians who *dug* Latin sounds, helped to put together the strains of Latin Jazz, Latin Soul and Latin Rock. Today you pay your money and take your choice. In order to enjoy Latin Music today, it becomes necessary to listen to the artists who have influenced the sounds.

Dick "Ricardo" Sugar has been New York radio's leading disc jockey for "Up-Tempo" (Salsa) Latin music for the past 25 years.



ROLANDO LaSERIE, *De Pelicula*, GEMA LPG 1168
CORTIJO Y SU COMBO CON ISMAEL RIVERA, GEMA LPG 1186
TITO RODRIGUEZ, *At The Palladium*, UAL 3064
FROM TITO RODRIGUEZ WITH LOVE, UAL 3326
THE ALEGRE ALL STARS—Volume 1, ALEGRE 1 pA 810
PACHECO & HIS CHARANGA, *Que Suene La Flauta*, ALEGRE LPA 811
PACHECO 10 Great Years, FANIA LP 00409
TITO PUENTE, *Dance Mania*, RCA FSP 237
TITO PUENTE, *Mas Dance Mania*, RCA LPV 7147
TITO PUENTE, *Cuban Carnival*, RCA FPM 143
EDDIE PALMIERI, *Azucar Pa Ti*, TICO SLP 1122
CAL TJADER Featuring Mongo Santamaria & Willie Bobo, *Demasiado Caliente*, FANTASY 3309
CAL TJADER, *Latino Con Cal Tjader*, FANTASY 3309
MONGO SANTAMARIA, *Mongo Introduces La Lupe*, RIVERSIDE 3523
MACHITO, *Si Si, No No*, TICO LP 1033
ROBERTO FAZ Y SU CONJUNTO, PUCHITO MLP 516
VICENTICO VALDES, *Algo De Ti*, SEECO LP 9195
FAJARDO Y SUS ESTRELLAS, *Ritmo De Pollos*, PANART LP 3051
BENY MORE, *The Most From Beny More*, RCA FPM 128
ORCHESTRA ARAGON, *That Cuban Cha Cha*, RCA LPM 1294
CHAPPOTTIN Y SU CONJUNTO, *Sabor Tropical*, PUCHITO SP 107
RAY BARRETTO, *Hard Hands*, FANIA LP 362
WILLIE COLON, *Cosa Nuestra*, FANIA LP 384

"STAVISKY is one of the most rewarding films I've seen this year."

—Nora Sayre, New York Times

"Jean-Paul Belmondo is at his best. Charles Boyer is effortlessly elegant. It's a treat to watch him playing with Mr. Belmondo: They seem to greet each other across the span of movie history."

—Nora Sayre, New York Times

"STAVISKY with Jean-Paul Belmondo is an exquisite re-creation of the early thirties milieu of political scandal and prejudice."

—Judith Crist, New York Magazine

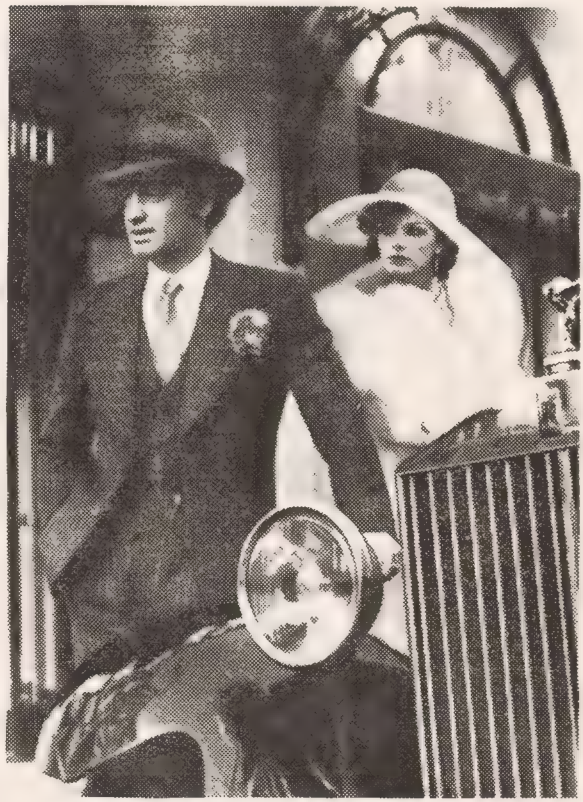
"Resnais never makes a false move... creates the mood missed by 'The Great Gatsby.' The cast is splendid." *—Newsweek Magazine*

"Photographed like a posh '30s illustration. Glacial elegance."

—Time Magazine

"Resnais brings the period to life, creating an aura of elegance and grace and a mood of sadness and corruption."

—Kathleen Carroll, NY Daily News



JERRY GROSS Presents JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO

in ALAIN RESNAIS' **STAVISKY**

Starring CHARLES BOYER

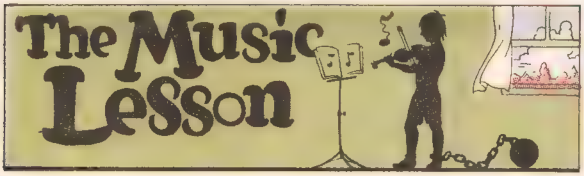
Directed by ALAIN RESNAIS · Screenplay by JORGE SEMPRUN

Musical Score Composed by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Soundtrack Album Available on RCA Records

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED Some material may not be suitable for pre-teenagers

Distributed by CINEMATION INDUSTRIES



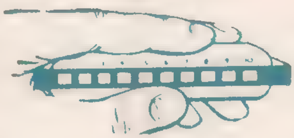
Blues Harmonica No. 2—Holding & Scales
By Tony "Harp Dog" Glover

Now that you've got yourself a harp, take a look at it. We've got 20 separate tones available through the ten holes—two per hole—one by blowing, the other by drawing or sucking (make a Freudian choice of terms). Now study the diagram below so that you can start practicing the scales:

The "Blow" notes are the large capital letters. This, and all other #1896 Marine Band harps are set up in diatonic tuning—which just means it's set up on the eight-tone scale: *do, re, me, fa, so, la, ti,* and *do* again.

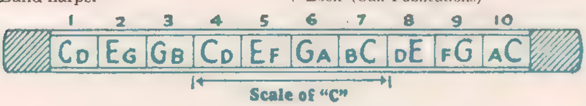
Notice that the only complete scale starts on the #4 hole and runs through the #7 hole. The first three holes contain only a partial scale—but it is this particular set-up that makes blues harp possible. Harps tuned this way, when played in keys other than the one they're tuned to, produce chords that can't be got otherwise. No matter what the key, the relationships between tones are the same in all Marine Band harps.

As far as holding the harp goes, if you're right-handed you'll probably want to hold it in your left hand, with the low notes to the left, your thumb below and the other fingers on top. This leaves your right hand free to form a cup with your left, over the harp, and you can vibrate your hand back and forth, opening and closing the cup to produce "wah-wah" and tremolo effects. If you're left-handed, you'll probably want to reverse it.



Practice holding the harp and playing the scales for awhile and next time we'll blow some simple tunes.

*Tony "Harp Dog" Glover is the author of "Blues Harp" and "Blues Harp Song Book" (Oak Publications)





Fable Foibles
By Jeffrey Denberg

Tortoise, a second-year terrestrial, announced his retirement from the New York Giants of the National Football League today and said that his athletic career had come to an end.

He said that he had agreed to forfeit the $375,000 due him the remaining three years of his contract.

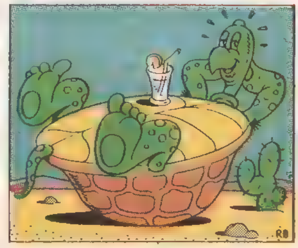
"I am returning to the desert," Tortoise said after being told by three lawyer-agents that his Giants contract was inviolable and not open to renegotiation.

"I will not be exploited for pennies," Tortoise said. "If I cannot be treated as a tortoise I will give up the game."

Tortoise rose to prominence the day he scored a stunning upset over Hare in a match race that is now legend. Rallying along the hedge with but three-eighths of a mile to go, Tortoise made up 171¾ lengths and beat Hare a beak at the wire.

Tortoise said his triumph was made possible by arduous training regimen with the knowledge that the front-running Hare would almost certainly tire at the finish.

Tortoise's achievement brought more than casual attention from several professional teams, including the Giants, who won his services for a reported $250,000 bonus and $125,000 a year in salary. "Not



enough in today's market," Tortoise said in his announcement yesterday at Gallaghers Restaurant.

Tortoise also complained that the Giants "never allowed me to do what I do best. They insisted upon changing my style so I could play wide receiver. They made me train for early speed. I can't last more than seven furlongs now. I've no stamina. I can't run and I can't play football."

He said he would henceforth limit his diet to greens. I will reassume a monastic existence. I will train seriously and restore my body. Perhaps there will be a second race with Hare . . . someday.

"Until then," Tortoise said, "I will go into a shell."

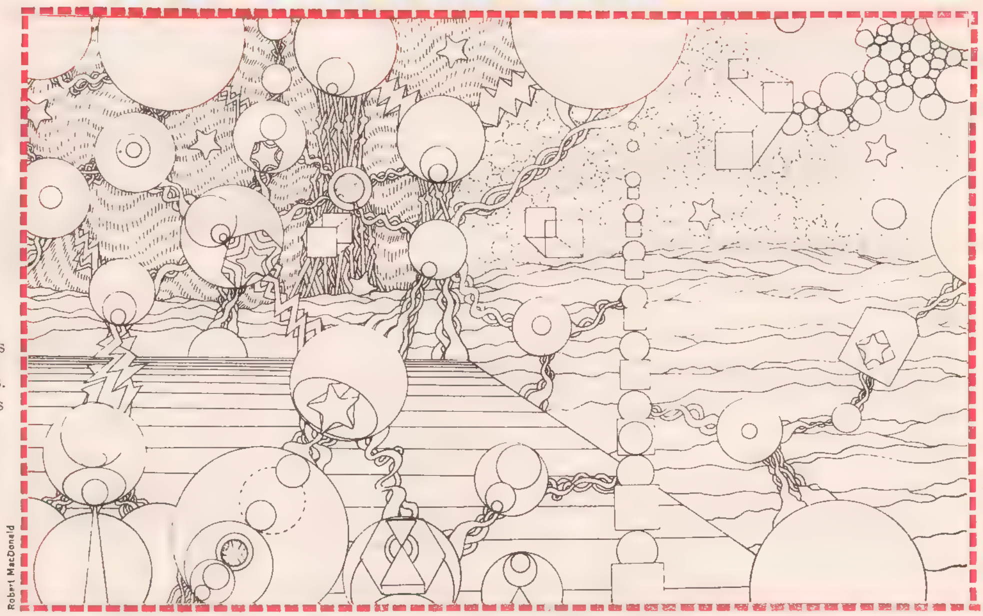
THE CRAYON BOX

Color in this drawing and send it to us.

If you tickle our aesthetic taste, you'll win a prize. Send finished drawings to "The Crayon Box #2," c/o The Funny Papers, P.O. Box 767, Port Washington, New York 11050. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 9, 1975. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become the property of "The Funny Papers." Winners will be notified (Include return address).

Prizes

- 5 copies of Amarillo Slim's "How to Play Poker to Win" and 5 decks of cards.
- 5 Capitol Blank Cassettes—"The Music Tape"
- 15 Jose Cuervo T-Shirts



MOVIE QUIZ

By R. Allen Leider

Homonyms, Antonyms and all that stuff.

Try to get the titles to these films and keep that Roget's close by. We'll start you off . . .

1. **Little Inn**
2. **Missing Vista**
3. **Succeed Vault**
4. **Female Insect**
5. **Crazy**
6. **Infirmary**
7. **The Small Dance**
8. **Big Temperature**
9. **Neptune Event**
10. **Gallic Attachment**
11. **Devilish**
12. **Continue Physician**
13. **Confection**
14. **Shrink**
15. **Tall Furnace**
16. **Seasonings**
17. **Snare a Bandit**
18. **Alphabetical Finale**
19. **Tiny Nobility**
20. **Thanatonic Hoping**

Answers on page 21.



Going "Ape"

By Gary Gerani

After casual second thoughts and some minor contractual squabbles, the CBS Television network finally broke the inevitable news. In January the network scrapped one of the most striking misfires in video history . . . the late, hardly lamented and altogther lousy *Planet of the Apes* TV series. The decision was reached after an unexpected succession of Neilson nose-dives and the network's general axing of anemic fall entries, *Planet* being the major contender for oblivion after consistently shaming the CBS barons into second place on Friday nights. As any self-respecting TV producer will tell you, embarrassing CBS and disappointing sponsors are no ways to make friends in video village.

The network originally went *ape* after telecasting the well-produced feature film versions during prime time last year, walloping rival programmers with stupendous ratings. Among the now classic thrillers in this sci-fi series are the original *Planet Of The Apes*, *Beneath The Planet Of The Apes*, *Escape From The Planet Of The Apes* and *Conquest Of The Planet Of The Apes*. All, of course, recount the terrifying tale of how evolution reversed itself in the far distant future when man became a lowly animal, hunted and harnessed by a race of intelligent simians.

It seemed only natural that a video series based on this successful formula would prove equally flattering with TV viewers. But poor scripting, weak character development and an overall lack of direction and motivation turned this sure-fire hit into a dull, spiritless disaster. Not only was the program a major disappointment in itself, it also represented a profound setback for creative science fiction on television, a medium fans of the fantastic have virtually given up on. But, alas, the demise of *Ape's* TV incarnation has only slightly hampered the resounding success of the ever-expanding simian craze, especially in less critical circles. Kids, for example, are growing fat on *Planet Of The Apes* bubble gum and blowing their parents' money on APE comic books, plastic hobby kits, jigsaw puzzles and even Crazy Foam. The feature films are still remembered with fondness by connoisseurs of the genre. Only television, that mysterious and enigmatic entertainment mechanism that dominates our living rooms, has successfully resisted the simian saturation. Speaking as an enthusiast of quality science fiction and fantasy, I fervently salute the generally tepid tube for an unusually wise decision.



THE PUZZLER

Pipe Dreams

Instructions

Let your answers go up in smoke. Start at #1 in the swirls. The last letter of each word is the same as the first letter of the next word. (Example—MaNow)

Clues:

1. Weed, South of the Border
2. _ _ _ _ _ Nitrate
3. Two of these make a one-and-one
4. Cops
5. Imbibes #6
6. Coke
7. Wrecked
8. Yellow jackets, Reds, Floaters, etc.
9. Quaalude
10. Company that manufactures answer to #9
11. Over-the-counter high
12. Kind of hash
13. Onset of high
14. Stoned
15. The Pusher Man
16. Wave of Sensation
17. Mainliner's favorite
18. Cocaine's portal
19. $175 portion of coke
20. Temple balls
21. Up there
22. In possession
23. 2/7 of #19
24. Boo
25. Legal high
26. Owsley specialty
27. Businessman's high
28. One too many, Sweet Jesus
29. Tranquilizer
30. Califorina ounce
31. Lenny Bruce favorite

Answers on page 21.





Home Cooking
By Joseph L. Koenig

Even after I got it on with Carlotta, I couldn't stand the sight of her. I tried to warn the others, but they'd been waiting their turn too long to pay attention to lousy reviews.

Of the two dozen tents pitched on Mount Agnew, Carlotta's was closest to mine. Gypsy, her old man, stayed there, too—except on nights when Carlotta was entertaining, which was most of them. Then he'd sleep out in the fields with Sara, who was my dog, or with Georgette, another of the campers, beloved for her big heart and complete lack of taste.

To this day, Carlotta's success with the men on Mount Agnew mystifies me. She was an awful cook, catatonic in bed and had green teeth. Her only talents lay in baiting Gypsy, who'd cringe at her insults like a Catholic-school girl from a flasher. Sunshine Sam, who often pinch-hit for Gypsy in Carlotta's sleeping bag, called it love.

If it's impossible to explain our feelings for Carlotta, there's nothing enigmatic about what we were doing on that mountain. From late June until Labor Day, the strong summer sun drew from the alkaline soil some of the finest dope growing north of suburban Acapulco. Most of us had come there with the understanding that we'd spend the summer smoking as much as our lungs would allow and leave the rest for next year. But Carlotta had other ideas.

"You city boys don't know from nothing about the outdoors," she'd sneer. "You lay around all day getting wrecked while there's a fortune growing on the bushes. I'm not wasting any more of my time."

What the bitch had in mind was a harvest that would leave her rolling in bucks and us dopeless by August. At one time or another almost everyone on the mountain considered breaking her head and there were three or four of us who were really into it. But nothing came of it. You know what it's like when you're zonked all the time.

To give Carlotta her due, she knew how to hustle. And once she got her heart set on clearcutting that dope, there was no stopping her. Just the same, there was one obstacle in her way. Carlotta had turned her back on real work so long ago that a two dollar bill reminded her of big money. And cash was something she needed a lot of if she was going to see her plan through to the end.

It was about the time Carlotta realized she was short a few thousand bucks that she started being nice to Gypsy. Sara hated to see him go, but when Carlotta whistled he couldn't crawl fast enough. For the next couple of weeks, and even when it rained, Carlotta let him stay in their tent. And when she loaned him back to Sara one night, after picking up a hitchhiking cowboy on the interstate down the mountain, it was with a smile of regret, so he'd know he'd be welcome back as soon as the stranger had worn himself out.

None of us understood Carlotta's changed attitude toward her husband and we really freaked when we learned she was also cooking for him—and that he was eating whatever she slung his way. For years Carlotta's meals had brought strong men to their knees. But Gypsy couldn't get enough of them. Even when we found him outside their tent, one night, foaming at the mouth and shaking so bad that the change was bouncing out of his pockets, he couldn't believe his good luck.

"Jesus," he said when his teeth finally stopped rattling, "all those nights out in the rain are starting to catch up with me."

"Uh-uh," said Sunshine Sam. "What's happening is that your old lady's cooking is taking its toll."



. . . He was shaking so bad that the change was bouncing out of his pockets.

"Untrue," Gypsy replied. "Her meals are out of sight. And besides, Carlotta's a sensitive lady. Even if they did make me sick, which they don't, I couldn't insult her by running away from a full plate."

And neither, as it turned out, could Sara. One night, when Gypsy was having one of his fits, he spilled his dinner in front of his tent. Before I could get hold of her, Sara was tearing at the meat and even wolfing down the vegetables.

If it hadn't been for the pain, I think Gypsy would have thanked Sara for letting him off the hook. For her part, Carlotta was ready to kick Sara, which would have been a hell of a way to treat a four-year-old who'd be up all night howling to break your heart and be dead before dawn.

Two days later, convinced that he'd caught epilepsy from sleeping outdoors so much, Gypsy died, too — with a creamy froth trickling from his lips and his fingers clawing in agony at his guts. But it wasn't until Carlotta got the check from the insurance company that I realized what had happened.

Writing a letter to the police made me feel more than a little guilty. I couldn't help thinking that I was ruining the mountain forever although it didn't really matter much with Gypsy dead and Carlotta all set to make like a locust.

"Dear bastards," I began, because I've never been fond of cops. "If you've got a jail cell that needs filling, pay a visit to Mount Agnew. There's a dude buried up there who went to his final reward thinking he killed himself by sleeping out in the cold. If that doesn't sound right to you, what do you suppose I thought when my dog died from eating off his plate.

"If you still think Gypsy croaked naturally," I went on, "why did he stiffen up right before he died and why was he twitching the way he was. His wife's name is Carlotta and I'll bet you find her cooking is pure poison." Just to be on the safe side, I left the letter unsigned.

It was three days later that the heat came up the mountain. Like I said, I've never been a big fan of the cops, so I was hiding in the outhouse when Sunshine Sam pointed out my tent as the place where an otherwise healthy dog had died horribly.

The pigs didn't even knock on the flap before barging in. When they came out about half a second later, I could see they were peeved that I wasn't around to show them where they could find Sara. Since I hadn't told anyone else where I'd dumped her body, they were forced into their heavy number right away.

When Carlotta refused to spend any of her hard-earned insurance money on a funeral, a bunch of us had carved a grave for Gypsy out of the dope fields that had been his real home. I almost believed the cops were enjoying themselves as they sprayed herbicide over the whole patch to hunt for his body.

I didn't abandon the outhouse until the police were gone, lugging Gypsy behind them in a black canvas bag. But when they came back in a couple of days to arrest Carlotta on a murder charge, I was standing in front of my tent. I wouldn't have missed that for the world.

Carlotta held her wrists up high, so the detective wouldn't bruise the skin when he slipped his handcuffs on her. Before they led her away, a lieutenant told her that an autopsy had turned up enough strychnine in Gypsy's system to poison half the men she'd balled that month. I was still standing there, smirking, when Sunshine Sam pointed me out as the dude whose dog had preceded Gypsy to wherever it was he'd gone.

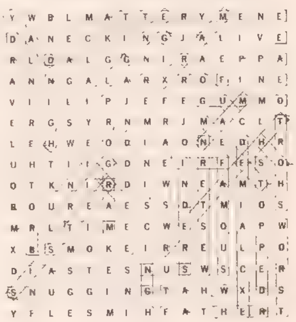
No one loves a squealer and I'm no exception, but you'd have thought I was some kind of hero the way everybody looked at me when they learned I'd fingered Carlotta to the police. I was still taking my bows when one of the detectives asked me where I'd buried Sara—that her carcass would be needed as evidence at Carlotta's trial. I hated to turn over an old friend to the cops, even one who smelled as bad as Sara did after being dead so many weeks, but I didn't have much choice. The detective just smiled and told me I could have her back after Carlotta was convicted.

But it was just three days later when I received a package from police headquarters. Opening it, I found a green plastic bag and inside that poor Sara's remains, which the medical examiner had chopped up pretty bad. There was a note with the body and I believe it was signed by the smiling detective, the one who'd promised to return my dog.

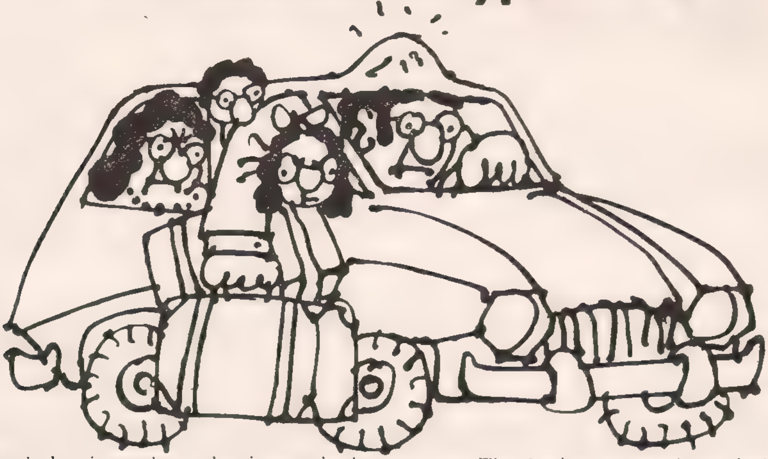
"Dear hippie," he'd written. "We won't be needing your mutt for evidence after all. Strychnine didn't kill that dog. There was none in the remnants of the meal we found in her stomach.

"Carlotta was a lousier cook than you thought. Sara died from eating rotten meat."

Answers To Word Find



Are you happy at the gas station? And miserable everyplace else?



Over the last six months, one burning question has swept America: "What kind of mileage d'ya get?"

In response to it, car manufacturers have come out with a rash of small cars overnight.

Of course, it's not easy to build a small car overnight. So a number of new questions are being raised about them like: "Where do I put my legs?" "Why can't I sit up straight?" "What do I do with my luggage?" and "Must I leave half my family at home?"

At Fiat, we've been building small cars for 70 years. We worked out the problems of getting good mileage years ago. But we've also had a lot of time along the way to figure out how to make a small car that doesn't make you pay for driving a small car.

We make your legs happy.

In the Fiat 124 you see below, you won't find yourself with your knees scrunched up somewhere near your chin. By taking away some of the room normally used for the engine and giving it to the passengers, we've given the 124 more legroom than a Lincoln Continental, a Cadillac Eldorado, and a Chrysler Imperial.*

We make your head happy.

By making the 124 coupe a little boxy instead of sleek, we've given it more headroom than a Mercedes 450 and a Rolls Royce.* This height, plus exceptionally large windows, keeps you from the claustrophobia you often get in small cars.

We make the people in the back seat happy.

Most small cars promise room for a family of four. And they deliver it, if two of the four are under six years old.

The 124 gives you enough room in the back for two children 6'6" or an exceptionally large mother-in-law and a St. Bernard.

We even make your luggage happy.

If there isn't much room for people in most small cars, there's even less room for what the people have to carry.

Here, too, the 124 is an exception. There's room in the trunk for 7 pieces of luggage.

In fact, there's almost twice as much trunk space as a VW.



The 1937 Fiat. The 1974 VW.

In 1939 we stopped making ours.

We make you happy to drive it.

The way the 124 handles is by far its strongest feature. It has excellent acceleration, and it'll cruise faster than you'd normally care to go. It corners flat and sits solidly on the road.

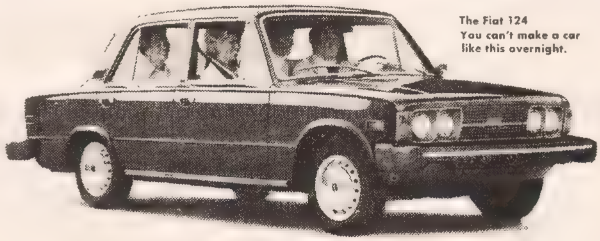
The car has self-adjusting, power-assisted, four-wheel disc brakes.

Radial tires that run $100 extra on most cars are standard.

And if you prefer not to rough it, automatic transmission and air conditioning are available.

In all, the 124 gives you something hard to find in a small car: more mileage without less everything else.

*Automotive News Almanac 1974



The Fiat 124
You can't make a car like this overnight.

FIAT

COMPETITION
"The Spirit That Made America Great"

By Howard Smith and Brian Van der Horst

The Photostrip Contest

It has been said that one picture is worth a thousand words. We, on the other hand, say that four pictures are worth a *Yashica TL Electro X ITS* camera. It is possible to tell a complete story in only four photographs, as has been proven by New York artist Herman Costa, who recently had a one-man show of his work. He is an artist obsessed with those photobooths. He has put his coin in the slot over 500 times, creating his curious little episodes. Here are three samples of his vending machine art starring himself.

Can you also tell a complete story in four shots? If you can, and we think your entry is the best, you'll win the prize. The winner and runners-up will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Funny Papers. Find your local photobooths, take along a lot of change and remember, keep it visual. No words allowed. Send your entry to:
PHOTOSTRIP CONTEST
c/o Competition,
The Funny Papers,
P. O. Box 767,
Port Washington, New York 11050
All entries must be postmarked no later than March 9, 1975. Editor's decisions are final. Winning entries will appear in a later issue. All entries become the sole property of The Funny Papers.



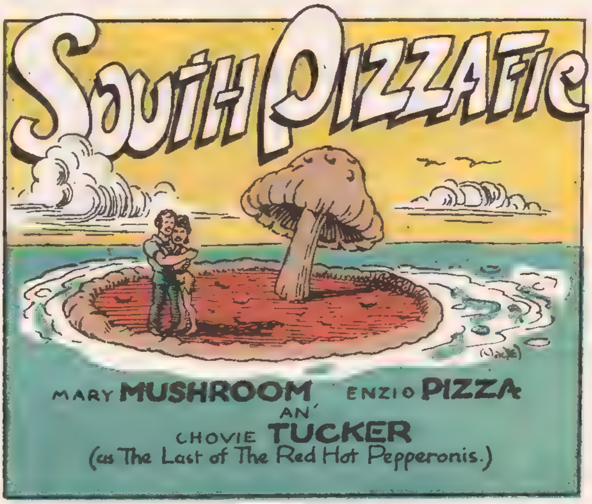
Lyric Madness

Are you always making up new words to popular songs? Then we want to hear some of your weirdness. We're looking for the cleverest parody of a famous song. It's a contest and you can do your parody from any take-off point you choose. You might want to make fun of a friend, school, sports, a movie . . . or politics. For instance, if John Dean was entering this game, he might write a satire on Eric Clapton's hit, "*I Shot the Sheriff*" like this:

Don't call the sheriff, I was only Nixon's Deputy
Don't call the sheriff, I was only Nixon's Deputy
John, the judge Sirica
He was always after me
Said he'd give me immunity
If I'd make the President frown
So I helped Nixon out of town.
So I say,
Don't put me in jail; he is the hammer, I'm only the nail.
Don't put me in jail; he's the hammer, I'm only the nail.

You can write about anything you want, and the further out the better, but you've got to be able to sing it to the tune of "*I Shot The Sheriff*." The funniest set of lyrics we receive will get a copy of "The Beach Boys Complete" — (53 of *their* biggest hits — lyrics and arrangements from the Music Sales Corporation.)

Send your songs to:
LYRIC MADNESS,
c/o Competition,
The Funny Papers,
P.O. Box 767,
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050
All entries must be postmarked no later than March 9, 1975. Editor's decisions are final. Winning entries will appear in a later issue. All entries become the sole property of The Funny Papers.



Pizzarama

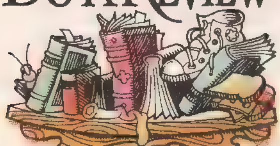
Now you're probably going to think this is the dumbest idea you've ever heard of. But let us warn you, this particular thing really creeps up on you. We have personally seen a room full of people (admittedly they were all a little twisted), reduced to incoherent giggles and soggy eyes within just three or four minutes of first attempting this game. And if you get good at it—send us the best ones, there will be a prize.

Here's how it goes: just substitute the word "Pizza" for any other word in the title of any movie you can think of. Don't stop after one or two, you gotta keep going before hoke turns to hilarity. Best if you do it with a bunch of friends.
Here are some examples:
The Poseidon Pizza / Five Easy Pizzas / They Shoot Pizzas, Don't They / The Last Pizza In Paris / Pizzablanca / The Pizza Of Dorian Gray / The Invasion Of The Pizza Snatchers / The Greatest Pizza Ever Sold / Deep Pizza / A Pizza Named Desire / Pizza, Italian Style / Twelve Angry Pizzas / The Guns of Pizzarone / Journey To The Center Of The Pizza / 30 Pizzas Over Tokyo / Everything You've Ever Wanted To Know About Pizza But Were Too Full To Ask.

So you think you can do better? You're probably right. Put your three best Pizza Picture titles on a postcard and send it to:
PIZZARAMA, c/o Competition,
The Funny Papers,
Port Washington, New York 11050
The winner will receive "THE GODFATHER GAME."
All entries must be postmarked no later than March 9, 1975. Editor's decisions are final. Winning entries will appear in a later issue. All entries become the sole property of The Funny Papers.

YASCHICA'S TL ELECTRO X ITS
With f/1.4 lens outclasses all other 35mm single lens reflex cameras in exposure accuracy through its use of space age electronics. The camera and its unique system is used by professional photographers everywhere.

BOOK REVIEW



"Don't Move— I've Got You Covered"

By Donna Gould

Believe it or not, that nice old lady sitting across from you on the bus is sending you secret messages. Several years ago an astute psychologist named Birdwhistle (honest) developed a means of deciphering *Body Language*, the subconscious messages people transmit via their postures, gestures and movements. According to this theory your true thoughts are defined by how you move.

The most recent body book is a volume in paperback by Julius Fast published by Pocket Books for a buck fifty. Fast uses a lot of case histories to explain how crossed legs mean a closed mind, etc., etc. After reading this book you'll be afraid to cross your legs . . . or uncross them. Honesty is the best policy then, if you're dealing with a body language reader who strips off your layers of charm and vocal sweetness and reads the physical messages underneath. Perhaps the best solution is to be put in a straightjacket and deal with others with only face exposed. That really won't help either, because another astute individual has come up with *Face Language*. *Face Language* is a pet theory and book by Robert L. Whiteside (Fell Books, about $7). Whiteside interprets eyebrow positions, pupil dilations, twitches, minute musculature movements. Now you can't face a friend or business client without giving yourself away. Our helpless conversationalist must hide not only his unsightly body movements, but his facial expressions as well. Perhaps a ski mask would suffice to conceal those dark, innermost thoughts.

What's left? Well, how about staying home and limiting your contact to letters? That's a safe way, right? Wrong. Read *How to Really Know Yourself Through Handwriting* by Shirl Solomon (Bantam Books, $1.95). This concise dictionary of handwriting analysis picks apart the simplest handwritten sentence and lays bare the soul of the author. ZOUNDS! Is nothing sacred! Ms. Solomon illustrates her book well with samples of each type of graphological variation along with its interpretation. The belief that handwriting is the key to the author's personality is not new, but the popularity it is enjoying now leads one directly to the typewriter. So far they can't read into that, but give them time.

It's not at all inconceivable that two well-schooled body, face, and handwriting readers are even now meeting across a table, or at a social event, trying to mask their own unconscious messages while reading the other's, their ensuing efforts probably seeming to others like an attack of St. Vitus Dance.

The insecurity of not being able to conceal a thought from another person may someday grip society. Businessmen will meet on opposite sides of a screen in specially designed conference rooms. Hermitages will spring up around the world with people isolated from body, face, and language readers. They will communicate by phone until some bright soul invents Voice Language (undoubtedly in the works). And, of course, there's always telepathy. And all because some idiot wanted to know why the lady in the bus crossed her legs.

WORD FIND

Get Some High Marx **By Edward Tobias**

Instructions

The words to be found in the letters are those capitalized in the jokes. Circle the words as you find them. Words are hidden in straight lines; horizontally, vertically, and diagonally—forwards and backwards. Letters are never skipped and some words overlap (letters are never used more than once).

1. An ENGLISH GIRL APPEARING on the GROUCHO MARX PROGRAM said that she'd seen her SISTER and BROTHER-IN-LAW SNUGGING in a movie THEATER. "What is snugging?" Groucho asked. "Well," the girl said, "I suppose when you do it you call it NECKING."
"When I do it," Groucho said, "I call it REMINISCING."

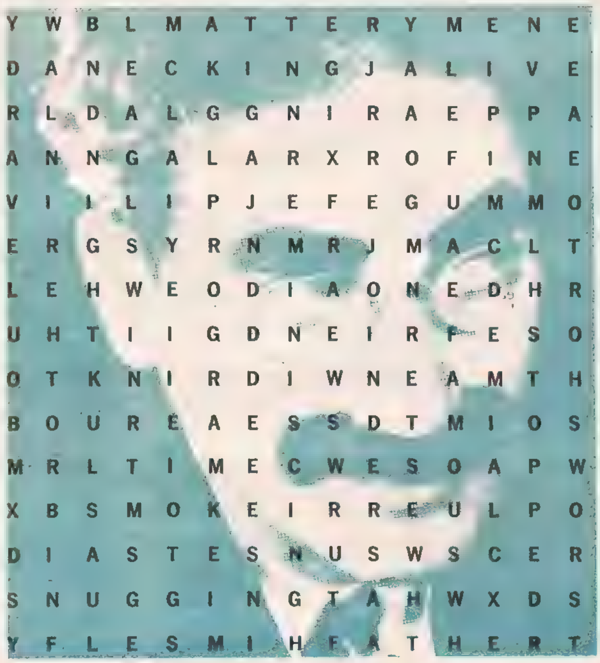
2. One of Groucho Marx's most FAMOUS REJOINDERS was made one TIME when a FRIEND STOPPED SHORT on SUNSET BOULEVARD and EXCLAIMED, "I must find a WESTERN UNION office. I've got to WIRE my FATHER."
"What's the MATTER?" said Groucho. "Can't he stand up by HIMSELF?"

3. Groucho: "This is a GALA NIGHT—and a gal a night's too much for any MAN."

4. "She's her own WORST ENEMY," said GUMMO. "Not while I'm ALIVE, she isn't," SAID Groucho.

5. A G.I. told Groucho that he wanted to MEET a FINE girl who didn't DRINK, SMOKE, SWEAR or have any bad habits."
"WHAT FOR?" asked Groucho.

6. Groucho: "I met a lady inventor the other DAY—and I'm GLAD he invented ladies!"



Y	W	B	L	M	A	T	T	E	R	Y	M	E	N	E
D	A	N	E	C	K	I	N	G	J	A	L	I	V	E
R	L	D	A	L	G	G	N	I	R	A	E	P	P	A
A	N	N	G	A	L	A	R	X	R	O	F	I	N	E
V	I	I	L	I	P	J	E	F	E	G	U	M	M	O
E	R	G	S	Y	R	N	M	R	J	M	A	C	L	T
L	E	H	W	E	O	D	I	A	O	N	E	D	H	R
U	H	T	I	I	G	D	N	E	I	R	F	E	S	O
O	T	K	N	I	R	D	I	W	N	E	A	M	T	H
B	O	U	R	E	A	E	S	S	D	T	M	I	O	S
M	R	L	T	I	M	E	C	W	E	S	O	A	P	W
X	B	S	M	O	K	E	I	R	R	E	U	L	P	O
D	I	A	S	T	E	S	N	U	S	W	S	C	E	R
S	N	U	G	G	I	N	G	T	A	H	W	X	D	S
Y	F	L	E	S	M	I	H	F	A	T	H	E	R	T

Answers on page 15.

* Word-Find Puzzle courtesy of Superb Word-Find Puzzles Magazine, Official Publications.

the Unforgiving minute

(No. 2 In A Series)

By Paul Krassner

In the film *Birds Do It, Bees Do It*, there is a scene having to do with the artificial insemination of cows. An aroused bull is brought to complete copulation with what he belives to be a cow, but which is actually a small truck designed to look like a cow, with a man inside holding an artificial vagina that will collect the necessary semen. I finally tracked down this man and was able to maneuver this brief conversation:

Q. What do you think about when you're working?

A. It used to be different. At first I thought that this was a strange way to make a living. Now I just *do* it, is all. This is just my job. I wouldn't do it if I didn't get paid each week.

Q. Yeah, but do you mean you've actually gotten used to enticing a bull to come?

A. Sure. You can get used to anything if you keep doing it all the time. *Anything*, man. Before this I worked at a ranch where I had to *slaughter* bulls. That was pretty strange at first look but I got used to it.

Q. Why did you have to kill the bulls? I don't understand.

A. They were surplus. The meat eventually gets eaten, see, but there's about the same amount of male and female calves born every year, and they've figured it out that if the ratio ain't reduced, y'know, to one bull for every nine cows, the bulls start fighting and they gore the hell out of each other instead of fuckin' the cows.

Q. That cuts down the population, though, right?

A. Sure, just like people. War and birth control cuts down the population, but you don't need either. They're both a total hype.

Q. A hype? For what purpose?

A. Just to keep everything going—the whole ball o' wax. I'm stuck in it myself, just like everybody else is. I'd rather be home fuckin' my wife than doing this shit, believe me.

Q. So why don't you just quit and do it then?

A. We need the bread to put meat on the kids' plates. We have three children, and I'm responsible to them.

Q. How does your wife feel about your job?

A. She knows it's necessary for my paycheck. But sometimes she gets jealous. She says, "You spend more time pretending you're a cow so your goddam bulls'll come than you do with me." I guess she's right, too. . . .

* * *

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of *The Realist* ($3 a year), Main PO Box 4027, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

THE BACK ROW



By Chris Miller

"The Godfather—Part II"

For those who've been worried that Godfather II might be an exploitation of Godfather I, bearing out the conventional wisdom that sequels always suck—relax. Though lacking Godfather I's near-perfect structure and unity, Godfather II is an enthralling three hour visit with our mafia friends and surpasses the earlier film in two important ways: Character is deepened, notably that of Michael (watch power corrupt), Kay, and Fredo, the weak, stupid brother who emerges as more human, ultimately, than Michael. And the texture is darker; it's doubtful there will be many complaints that *this* half of the Corleone saga glorifies fascism. Rather, it expands upon the earlier work to show how fascism (and, perhaps, capitalism) fails, how its final payoff to the wielder is an aloneness, cold and crushing as a glacier, and a betrayal of all human values once held dear.



Kisses . . .

Godfather II fills in on what happened before and after the period of Godfather I, cutting back and forth from Don Vito's early years in Sicily and New York to Don Michael's later activities in Vegas, Lake Tahoe, Miami and Cuba. The performances are superb. As young Vito, Robert De Niro is excellent, capturing many of Brando's mannerisms from the previous film, including a startling recreation of that high, hoarse voice characterization. Equally good is Lee Strasberg, 73 year old director of New York's Actor's Studio, making his movie debut as Hyman Roth (a not-very-disguised Meyer Lansky). But the bravura performance of the film is Al Pacino's Michael, which dominates as surely as did Brando's Don Vito in Godfather I. Watch Pacino's eyes; they'll turn you to ice.

There is so much that is excellent in the film that it is hard to single out elements for praise. The violence sequences (a machine gun attack on Michael in his bedroom, various assassinations, Michael belting Kay), the photography, music (again by Nino Rota), sets, costumes and editing all are splendid. Most impressive of all are the portrayals of places and times. The recreations of a mafia party at Lake Tahoe in 1958, a Little Italy street festival in 1917, and, especially, Havana on New Years Eve, 1959, as Castro takes over and Batista flees, can only be called astonishing.

In sum, Godfather II, like its predecessor, combines brilliant popular movie making with dark, disturbing themes—a combination that's hard to beat. It may be time to start referring to Francis Ford Coppola, who produced, directed and co-wrote this movie (and another of 1974's great films, The Conversation) as a genius. Write him post cards and tell him so.

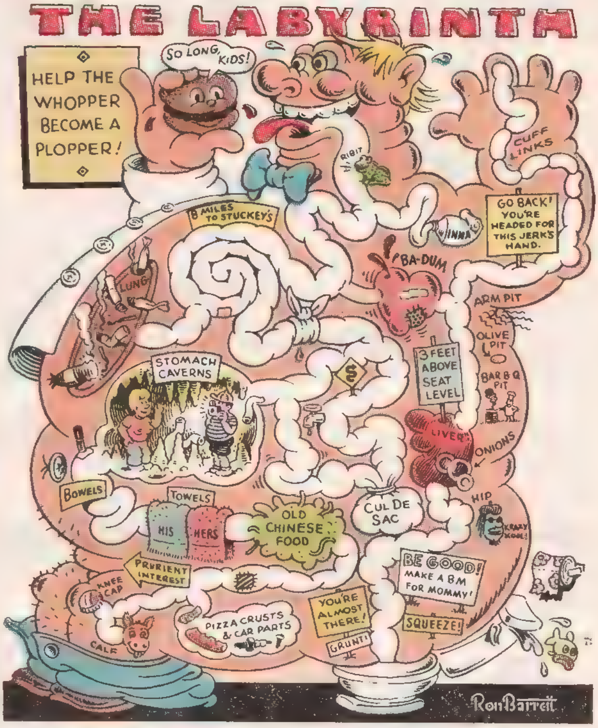
"Angel Number 9"

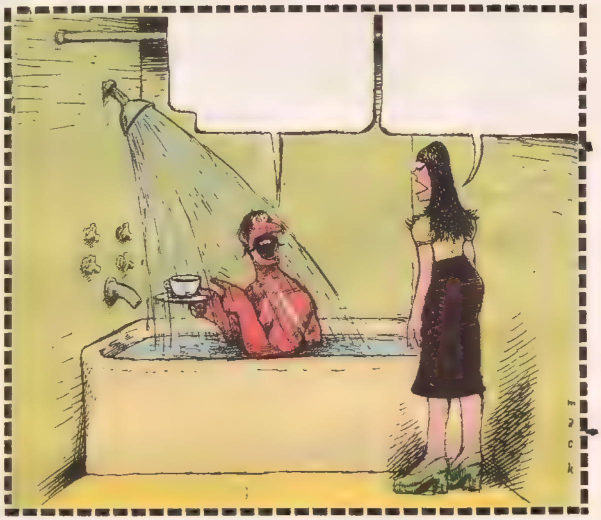
Meanwhile, over in Pornoland, a woman has finally produced an X film—called Angel Number 9—and it is an excellent turn-on for both genders. Steve, a rat-with-women, dies and goes to heaven. He is greeted by Angel Number 9, whose nipples and bush show through her transparent angel robe. She tells Steve that if he wished to live eternally in heaven, instead of the Other Place, he must atone for his rattiness by returning to Earth for a time as a woman. Steve agrees and is transformed into Stephanie, who is sexy as can be, with a fine set of hooters. On Earth, Stephanie learns about female sexuality by getting it on respectively with a male hippie, one of Steve's old girlfriends, and herself, in a dynamite shower beat-off scene. Finally, she meets as big a rat as she used to be, falls for him and is fucked over grandly in a humiliation blow job sequence that is extremely erotic. In fact, nearly all the erotic sequences are very effective, occurring in nicer locations (before a fireplace, in tasteful bedrooms),



. . . kisses

with richer music (classical Spanish guitar, a harp solo, Bolero), than is usual in fuck films. The woman we have to thank for writing, directing, shooting and producing this tasty erotic entertainment is Roberta Findlay. More, Roberta. And, judging from the photo of you that appeared on the poster in the lobby, why don't you set the camera on automatic next time and, uh, get in on things yourself?





WHAT'S MY LINE?

Fill in the balloon with your wittiest thoughts. Whoever cracks us up the most will win a Deluxe Monopoly® Set (Parker Bros.) and a copy of "The Monopoly Book—Strategy and Tactics of the World's Most Popular Game"—by Maxine Brady (McKay). The first five runners-up will receive copies of "The Marx Bros. Scrapbook" (Grosset & Dunlap). Send entries to "What's My Line #2", c/o The Funny Papers, P.O. Box 767, Port Washington, New York 11050. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 9, 1975. Editors' decisions are final, and all entries become the property of "The Funny Papers". Winning entries will appear in a later issue.

WAX ELOQUENT

By Ed Naha

At a recent meeting of The Society Of Rock Writers and Other Minor Irritations, a crowd of some three thousand American rock music critics discussed the current problems facing the music press. "It's just not fair," one highly respected writer exclaimed while adjusting his Mr. Peanut mask. "Record companies can't come up with good NEW music so they hit us with all these old 'Greatest Hits' packages. How can you write about music that's a decade old?" "Yeth," sniveled another. "I wuthent old enough to tie my shoes then, let let alone pway a record." The meeting ended with everyone giving the rock writer salute (an ice-cream cone on the forehead) and all agreeing that it was up to OLDER writers to handle the OLDER stuff.

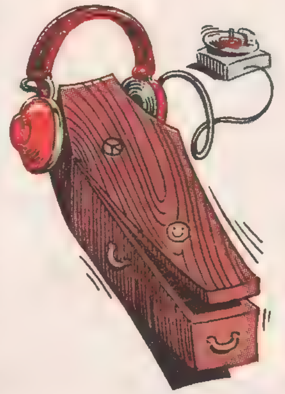
We, at THE FUNNY PAPERS, support the writers' decision wholeheartedly, and so, for this column on new "old" albums, we have enlisted the aid of the residents of The Little Doggie Home For Old People and Almost Carrots (Rahway, New Jersey branch) to do our record reviews. Since some of the patients were old enough to remember Alan Freed and Chubbie Checker, they were more than happy to review the albums, once we explained that the records were for playing and not for eating.

Jan and Dean: *Gotta Take That One Last Ride* (United Artists) Captain E. Eddie Edwards, a retired deviate for the U.S. Post Office writes: "I really drooled over this two record set, but I managed to clean most of it up. Jan and Dean are fun to listen to when you're bouncing down the fire escape trying to stop your wheelchair. I especially liked their lyrics. The 'bust your buns, boys' chorus on 'Sidewalk Surfing' is really far away. I also enjoyed looking at the pretty seashells on the cover." As for the pull-out poster included with the album, Edwards remarked, "It tasted real good."

Three Dog Night: *Joy To The World — Their Greatest Hits* (ABC) Concerning this release, Mrs. Edna May Fong, a former spy for the Imperial Japanese Society of Short Order Cooks coughed: "Hell, these King Family albums are getting harder and harder to tell apart." When informed that it was a Three Dog Night album she was listening to, Mrs. Fong clutched her chest and quipped puckishly: "My heart! MY HEART! Pills . . . on the third shelf of . . . near the bureau . . ."

The Very Best of B. J. Thomas on United Artists fared somewhat better when several members of the home, after listening to it for several hours, concluded the record was really a glazed doughnut and fed it to their pet goldfish, Spot. Spot is now in the process of regurgitating portions of the chorus to "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head" in the sick ward.

Clyde McFeezle of Lompock, Texas listened to both *The Turtles—Happy Together Again* (a double elpee of mouldie oldies on Sire) and *Elton John's Greatest Hits* before commenting: "This here Turtles album is kinda silly. It's cute but awl the stuff sounds the same. But then again, ya can't lissen to what I say, cause the batteries in my hearing aid is so bad that all I can pick up on the set is bulletins about the Lindbergh kidnapping case." On *Elton John's Greatest Hits*, Clyde offered: "Some of this is reel purdy. 'Specially the song where they find the Lindbergh kid in the bushes."



Arnold "Snuff" Pimoni, a recently deceased hit man for the American Little League Association was asked to sum up his feelings on *Paul Anka Gold* during a fit of internal bleeding but refused to comment on the Sire release insisting, instead, that he see a priest. Mr. Pimoni, who had a Taiwan-made baseball bat lodged in his spine, died before he could be offered an alternate choice.

Other crowd pleasers at the Little Doggie home were *Backtrackin' Them Featuring Van Morrison — lead singer* on London. ("This here lead singer sounds like he just swallered a ground squirrel.") United Artist's *The Very Best of Dionne Warwick* ("She sings smoother than a baby's bottom."), *London's Genesis: From Genesis To Revelation* ("Who?"), Threshold's *Trapeze: Featuring Glenn Hughes* ("WHO??") and Casablanca's *Here's Johnny: Magic Moments From The Tonight Show* ("WHAT??").

As the reviewing session drew to a close and night (as well as most of the patients) began to fall, Mr. Lennie Queeg, the home's director summed up the experience by saying that all the elderly residents had enjoyed themselves greatly. "All the elderly residents have enjoyed themselves greatly," he smiled to our reporter. "NOW will you take your station wagon off my chest?"

IN THE SPOTLITE

Gil Scott-Heron

At 25 years of age, Gil Scott-Heron is a man with a past. By the time he was 21 Gil had written a novel, *The Vulture*, a book of poetry, *Small Talk at 125th and Lenox*, and was already shaping into the accomplished musician and poet he is today.

Now, with the successful "*Winter in America*" album to his credit, including its smash hit, "The Bottle," and a reputation as "a new collossus" in the music world, it may seem like Mr. Scott-Heron has led a charmed life. But don't kid yourself—as a Black artist in America, he has paid his dues. . . .

Gil can speak to his brothers in the street because he has never forgotten, never turned his back on his roots. Born in Chicago, he moved with his mother to Jackson, Tenn and later to the Bronx and Chelsea sections of New York. To support his art he has picked weeds, washed dishes and, at one time, lived in an abandoned laundromat. As the author of such pieces as *Home is Where The Hatred Is*, "*Save the Children*," and *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised*, he knows whereof he speaks.



Still, success has not clouded the artist's vision or weakened the power of his rap. Though his central concern remains that of conveying "*the 360 degree Black experience*," his message is a universal one. "*What we do with the truth*," says Gil Scott-Heron, "*is the key to our freedom.*"



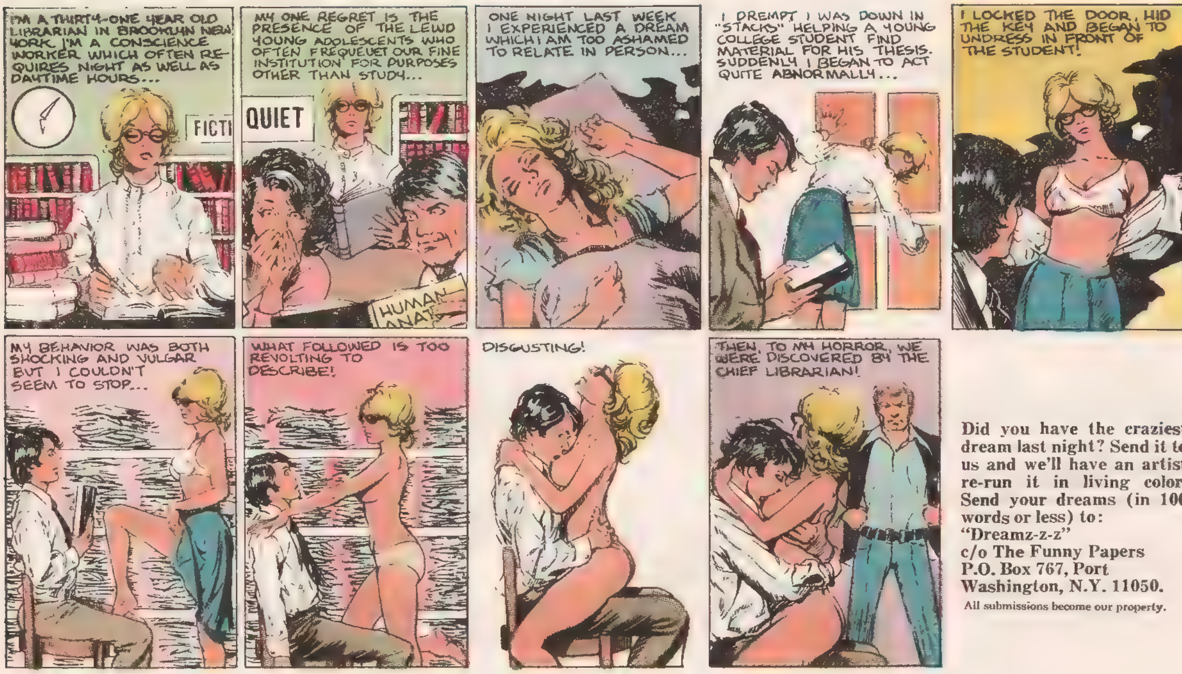
Answers To Mr. Music

1. Frankie Avalon singing "Dede Dinah."
2. Maybelline.
3. Booker T. & the MG's.
4. James Brown.
5. Jerry Butler.
6. Cadillacs singing "Speedo."
7. Hank Ballard.
8. "I Walk The Line."
9. The Coasters.
10. Tammi Terrell, Mary Wells and Kim Weston.

Try to stump "Mr. Music". Send your favorite trivia questions to "Mr. Music Quiz", c/o The Funny Papers, P.O. Box 767, Port Washington, New York 11050. All questions become the property of "The Funny Papers". Authors of published questions will receive a copy of "ROCK ON—The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Rock n' Roll—The Solid Gold Years"—by Norm N. Nite. (Be sure to include return address.)

DREAMZ-Z-Z

Drawn by Bruce Jones



Did you have the craziest dream last night? Send it to us and we'll have an artist re-run it in living color. Send your dreams (in 100 words or less) to:
"Dreamz-z-z"
c/o The Funny Papers
P.O. Box 767, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

All submissions become our property.

Save Our Natural Resources!, Continued

Far from being an expatriot type, Perry is hardcore Manhattan. Perry, his close friends, and casual professional associates have for years maintained the un-subsidized underground which has always been the secret Life-force of the Big City.

When work as a musician has been hard to come by, Perry has supported himself with numerology and magic. He is supremely skillful with a deck of cards—any deck of cards. His own brand of easy going do-it-yourself mysticism informs every gesture; a smooth continuity of the unexpected emerges in the life he leads, his gambits of magic, and the music he plays.

His extension of the resources of his instrument (range, tone, special effects, quarter-tone fingerings, harmonics) are all a part of this stream of consciousness. He is not a "flawless perfectionist" like Benny Goodman, nor, I suspect, deliberately innovative in the way we understand to be the case with Monk, Miles, Coltrane, Parker—the direction finders and schoolmasters of new Jazz.

Rather, Perry Robinson should be regarded, or listened to, as a natural resource; not primarily as an example of how music can be done, but as a paradigm of where it all comes from.

Perry Robinson Discography

FUNK DUMPLING, *Perry Robinson Quartet*, Savoy 1962
THE CALL, *Henry Grimes Trio*, ESP
MAMA TOO TIGHT, *Archie Shepp*, Impulse
THE FUGS, *Village Fugs*, Reprise
BUNKY & JAKE, Mercury
JAKE & THE FAMILY JEWELS, Polydor
ANNETTE PEACOCK, Polydor
ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL, JCOA
GUNTER HAMPEL (series of 8), Birth Records
OUT OF NEW YORK GALAXY DREAM BAND, MPS
PRAYERS & ECHOES, JCOA
GRECHAN MANCOUR III, JCOA
PNEUMATIC SWING BAND, *Roswell Rudd*, JCOA
LIBERATION MUSIC ORCH., *Chas. Haydn*, Impulse
UNDERSTANDING, *Bob Noughton*, Impulse
POUM, *John Fisher*, Composer's Collective

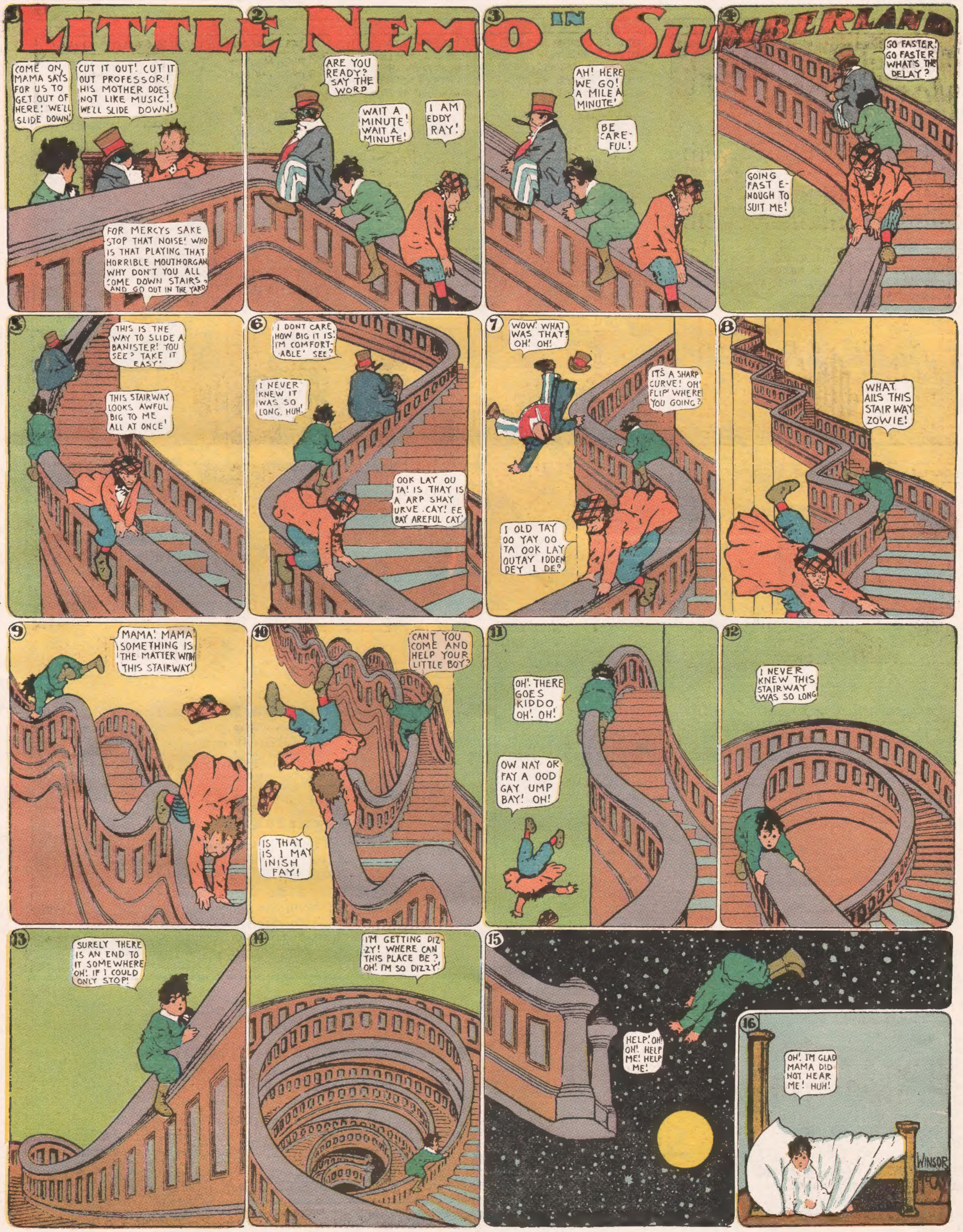
The Funny Papers Best Bet
"Portsmouth Sinfonia"—Plays the Popular Classics (Columbia Records) Had us rolling on the floor in hysterics.

Answers To The Movie Quiz

1. Grand Hotel
2. Lost Horizon
3. Fail Safe
4. Queen Bee
5. Psycho
6. The Hospital or M-A-S-H
7. The Great Waltz
8. Fahrenheit 451
9. The Poseidon Adventure
10. The French Connection
11. Diabolique
12. Carry On Doctor
13. Candy
14. Freud
15. Towering Inferno
16. Salt and Pepper
17. To Catch A Thief
18. Z
19. The Little Prince
20. Death Wish

Answers To The Puzzler

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
motAmyLineScoreSnortSnoWasteDown
9 10 11 12 13 14 15
SopeRorheRomilaRedleBuzZonkeDeale
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24
RusHeroiNosEigtHasHigHoldinGraMar-
25 26 27 28 29 30 31
ijuanAlcohoLsDmTokEquaniLiDilaudid


LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND
COME ON, MAMA SAYS FOR US TO GET OUT OF HERE! WE'LL SLIDE DOWN!
CUT IT OUT! CUT IT OUT PROFESSOR! HIS MOTHER DOES NOT LIKE MUSIC! WE'LL SLIDE DOWN!
FOR MERCYS SAKE STOP THAT NOISE! WHO IS THAT PLAYING THAT HORRIBLE MOUTH-ORGAN WHY DON'T YOU ALL COME DOWN STAIRS AND GO OUT IN THE YARD?
ARE YOU READY? SAY THE WORD
WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE!
I AM EDDY RAY!
AH! HERE WE GO! A MILE A MINUTE!
BE CARE-FUL!
GO FASTER! GO FASTER WHAT'S THE DELAY?
GOING FAST E-NOUGH TO SUIT ME!
THIS IS THE WAY TO SLIDE A BANISTER! YOU SEE? TAKE IT EASY!
THIS STAIRWAY LOOKS AWFUL BIG TO ME ALL AT ONCE!
I DONT CARE HOW BIG IT IS! I'M COMFORT-ABLE! SEE?
I NEVER KNEW IT WAS SO LONG, HUH!
OOK LAY OU TA! IS THAY IS A ARP SHAY URVE CAY! EE BAY AREFUL CAY!
WOW! WHAT WAS THAT? OH! OH!
IT'S A SHARP CURVE! OH! FLIP! WHERE YOU GOING?
I OLD TAY OO YAY OO TA OOK LAY OUTAY IODEN DEY I DE?
WHAT AILS THIS STAIR WAY ZOWIE!
MAMA! MAMA! SOMETHING IS THE MATTER WITH THIS STAIRWAY!
CAN'T YOU COME AND HELP YOUR LITTLE BOY?
IS THAT IS I MAY INISH FAY!
OH! THERE GOES KIDDO OH! OH!
OW NAY OR FAY A OOD GAY UMP BAY! OH!
I NEVER KNEW THIS STAIRWAY WAS SO LONG
SURELY THERE IS AN END TO IT SOMEWHERE OH! IF I COULD ONLY STOP!
I'M GETTING DIZ-ZY! WHERE CAN THIS PLACE BE? OH! I'M SO DIZZY!
HELP! OH! OH! HELP ME! HELP ME!
OH! I'M GLAD MAMA DID NOT HEAR ME! HUH!
WINSOR


Christopher Browne's
Mister Nostalgia
THE MAN WITH A PAST!
KENTUCKY DERBY
PADDED SHOULDERS
ALICE COOPER'S SNAKE! JUST THE THING FOR MY 70'S COLLECTION!
WOODSTOCK MUD
IN OUR LAST EPISODE, MR. NOSTALGIA HAD KIDNAPPED THIS 1956 LAW STUDENT, WALTER LABONG, MISTAKING HIM TO BE PROFESSIONAL BEATNIK AND HOT-SHOT POET ALLEN GINSBERG ~ AND TAKING HIM TO SHIRLEY'S TEMPLE ~ A TIME / SPACE SHIP ORBITING IN EARTH'S OZONE!
THIS WOULD HAPPEN THE WEEK OF MY FINAL EXAMS.
WALTER LABONG
WE NOW TAKE YOU, BY FORCE, TO SHIRLEY'S TEMPLE
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE!
THERE'S TOO MUCH CONFUSION! I CAN'T GET NO RELIEF!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE JUDGE CRATER ~ AND YOU'RE AMELIA EARHART?!
YES ~ WE WERE KIDNAPPED BY MR. NOSTALGIA ~ IT'S GOOD TO SEE A NEW FACE...
WE GET SO... LONELY HERE.
ANGLE OF THE DANGLE
HARRY TRUMAN LOOK-ALIKE
SEX STARVED AIR ACE
EARTH SHOE
NOT THAT WE'RE ALONE! NOSTALGIA HAS PICKED A CULTURAL HERO FROM EVERY ERA IN THE 20th CENTURY!
WE'VE GOT GLENN MILLER, HOWARD HUGHES, ANASTASIA ROMANOV, PAUL McCARTNEY...
HERE COME OL' FLAT TOP
GOGGLES
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TEETH
CLASS RING
WHO'S THAT?
JUST SOME LOONEY THAT NOSTALGIA PICKED UP SOMEWHERE IN THE FORTIES. NOT VERY SOCIABLE.
SECRET HAND SIGNAL
ARM OF KRUPP
ARM OF KRUPP
MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE ON THE HUGE SHIP...
PROPERTY OF HAROLD LLOYD
JERRY GARCIA'S FINGER
AH! AT LAST!
SON OF KONG
MY 1967 OFFICIAL HIPPIE SUIT!
FLOWER
BLOODSHOT EYES
LONG HAIR
LOVE BEADS
TIE DYED SHIRT
ROACH BURNS
HORNY
BLUE JEANS
BARE FEET
"THE HOBBIT"
STASH
YOCKNA VERNA!
NOW I SET MICKEY'S HANDS TO "1967" AND ZAP! I'LL BE BACK HERE WITH A CALIFORNIA DREAMER BEFORE YOU CAN SAY ~ "SUMMER OF LOVE"! HAW!
ZZZT
NEXT MONTH: A NEW SPECIAL GUEST STAR! GET OUT YER SECRET DECODERS, KIDS! I'LL SEE YOU IN...
The Funny Papers


Trino By Altan
ALLORA COME VA QUESTA CREAZIONE?
MALE
MA COME! GUARDI CHE IO SPENDO DEI SOLDI!
MA È BUIO, NON SI VEDE UN TUBO
MA SI ARRANGI, BENEDETTUOMO!
COSA CREDE, CHE SIA ITALIANO?
ALTAN
Father: How is the creation getting on?
Son: Not so good.
Father: Hey there, just be careful how you spend my money.
Son: But it's pitch dark, and I can't see a thing.
Father: Make do, you idiot, make do!
Son: What do you think I am, Italian?
COME VANNO LE COSE?
NON C'È MALE
MA È TUTTO SPORCO!
STO CERCANDO DI SEPARE LA TERRA E LE ACQUE
SÌ?
MA NON SI VOGLIONO SEPARARE
ALTAN
Father: How are things going?
Son: Not too bad.
Father: But you're a mess!
Son: I'm trying to separate the land from the water.
Father: Yes?
Son: But they refuse to separate.


HOME DELIVERY SERVICE
ASK FOR DETAILS
ABSOLUTELY
ON SALE HERE
At the heart of the Community
NOTHING
ON SALE HERE
D&M scans BOOKSTALL
WIN ROCKS SEASON TICKETS